

J. Dick & B Strand

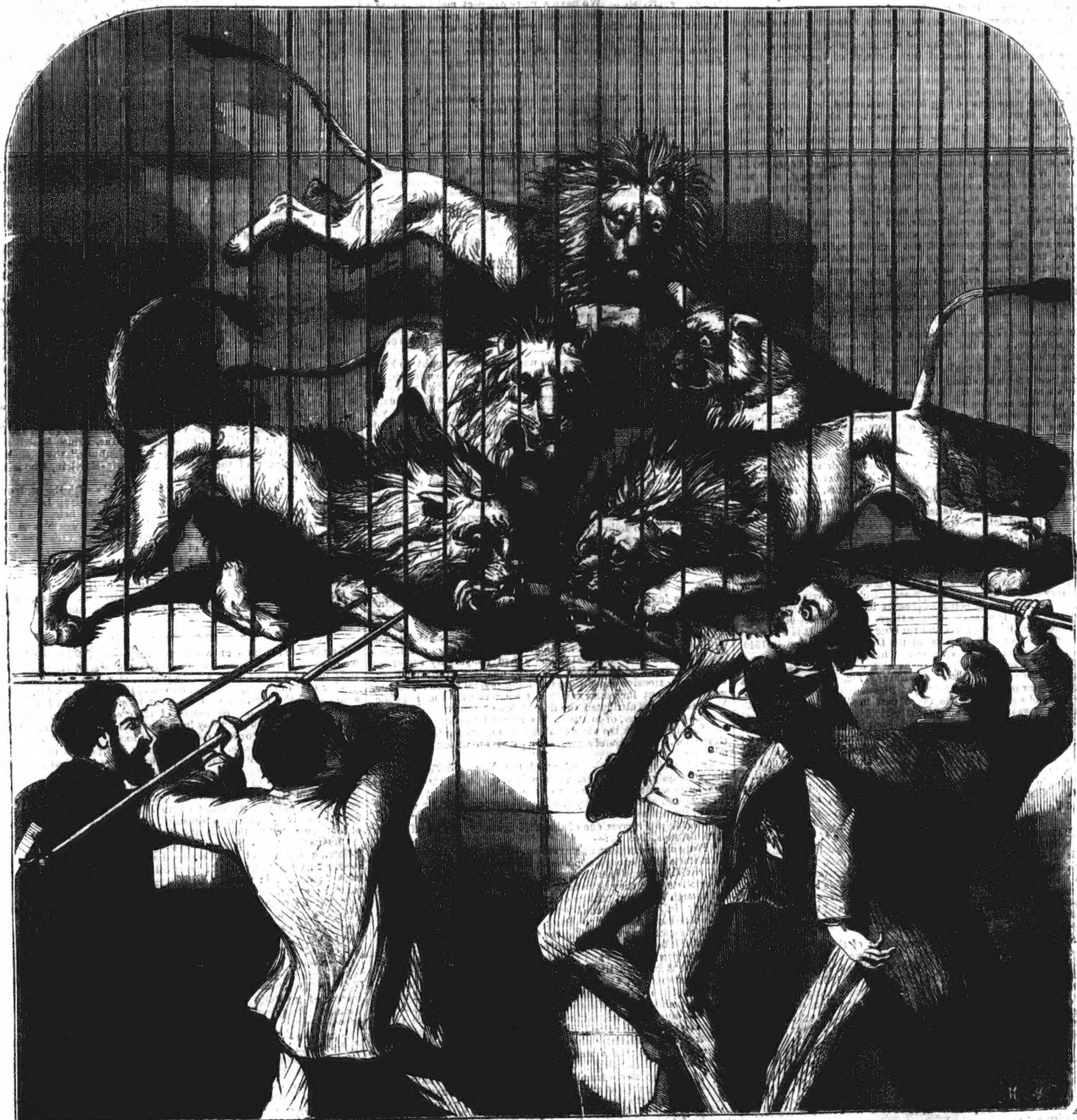
PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

ONE PENNY.



THE FEARFUL ATTACK OF LIONS ON THEIR KEEPER AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL. (See page 581.)

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday evening a fatal explosion took place at the shop of an oilman and tallow-chandler, named Tripp, carrying on business in Havill street, Southampton-street, Camberwell. One of his daughters, named Anne thirty years of age, was mixing with a knife a chemical composition, supposed to be phosphorus and detonating powder, although her sister had spoken to her several times and pointed out the danger of using steel in mixing the composition. Suddenly, a tremendous explosion took place. Two men, named Truman and Lambert, rushed into the place, followed by Mr. Haydon, dairyman, of Havill-street. Miss Tripp was found with a knife in her hand which had been partially blown away. She was much injured, and blood was streaming from her head and face. Her dress was in flames. The injured woman expired before she could be removed to St. Thomas's Hospital.

On Saturday morning an examination of unclaimed property lying at the Greenwich Railway Station was made by the officials sent from London for that purpose, when, on opening a box, the dead body of a child was found. A ticket attached to the box showed that it had been booked at the London-bridge Station so far back as the 25th of August, 1862, directed "To be left at Greenwich Station till called for." From the lapse of time which had taken place, and the decomposed state of the body, there is no probability of the person leaving the box being discovered.

On Sunday evening last, as the congregation of St. George's Church, Camberwell, were dispersing after Divine service, two young men of dashing appearance, who had been in the church, pushed themselves into the crowd of ladies at the gates, when one of them put his hand in a lady's pocket, and as he was in the act of abstracting her purse, was detected by a gentleman, when he attempted to pass the property to his accomplice, but in so doing dropped it, when the other made off, leaving the actual offender in the hands of a police man, who escorted him to the station, although the lady victim interposed in his behalf. It appears the man in question has had sittings at the church for the last few months, and is of very respectable family, residing in the Albany-road, Camberwell.

On Monday Mr. H. Raff's Walhew, deputy-coroner, resumed at the Green Gate Tavern, City-road, an inquiry respecting the death of Susanah Everett, aged twenty-six years, a young woman who expired from the effects of destitution and exposure. It appeared from the evidence that the deceased was a native of Ipswich, and that she came up to London as a domestic servant. She formed a connexion with a young man named Martin, a printer's apprentice, and lived with him for a short time about six months ago. The employer of the young man dying his parents seized the opportunity to send him abroad, as they were indignant at his living with the deceased, and the latter was consequently left absolutely destitute. From duplicates found in her pockets after her death it appeared that she subsisted by pledging for a few shillings her mantle, her gown, and even her petticoat, and when she was carried dying to St. Luke's Workhouse on the previous Tuesday morning, she was almost in a state of nudity. At night she slept sometimes in refuges and sometimes apparently in the streets, for she "had marks as if she had lain down in the mud." She was admitted to the workhouse in an insensible state, and she was wholly unable to partake of food. She died the same afternoon. The parents of Martin being bedridden could not come forward to identify the body of the deceased, but they averred that she was a very dissipated young woman, and they were by no means sorry to hear of her death. Medical evidence having been adduced, the jury returned a verdict of "Death from abscess on the brain."

THE KINGDOM OF DENMARK.

THE *Moniteur de l'Armée* publishes a letter from its correspondent at Copenhagen, dated the 19th inst., which contains some interesting details relating to the defensive force prepared to resist an invasion of the duchy of Schleswig. The Danish troops concentrated in Schleswig form an effective force of 32,800 men and 6,800 horses. They are under the command of Lieutenant-General de Meza, whose headquarters are established at Flensburg. Schleswig, according to a census taken by order of Frederick VII. in 1862, contains a population of 378,000 inhabitants, of which 52,000 are Germans. Its superficies is 2,250 square leagues. It possesses thirteen towns, fourteen boroughs, and 200 parishes. Flensburg, situated on a gulf of the Baltic, is the most important place in the duchy. It contains 18,000 inhabitants. The other towns occupied by the Danish troops are Schleswig, Fredericksort, Fredericksstadt, Tondern, Tondern, and Husum. The Danish line of defence rests on the Eider. This river takes its source in a small lake at about ten miles from Kiel. It traverses several other lakes, and among them the Wesen-see and Fienboud-see, directs its course to the west near Klunsack, reaches Rendsburg, forms the northern boundary of the German duchies, and falls into the Northern Ocean near Tonnungen, after a course of about sixty miles. The Eider being navigable from Rendsburg, the Danish gunboats can render great service after the frost disappears. Holstein having been evacuated, and Schleswig being at present menaced, the Danes have assembled all their means of defence there. The country is marshy, and contains numerous lakes and running streams. It is traversed by a continuous fortification called the Dannewerk, raised in 1340, and reconstructed some years since. This fortification may be rendered of great service for the defence of the country. General de Meza was born on the 14th of January, 1792, and is the oldest general officer of the Danish army. He entered the service at sixteen years of age, and he has taken part in all the wars in which his country was engaged since that period. According to the last census, which document served as the basis for the establishment of the number of deputies fixed by the Constitution of the 18th of November last (the cause of the present difference), the population of Denmark, including the Faroe Islands, amounts to 2,235,000 inhabitants. Its superficies is 36,000 square miles. The population of Holstein amounts to 397,000, and the two duchies united to 775,000. Should Denmark lose the two duchies, her population would be less than 2,000,000.

A BARBERS' CONFERENCE.—The native barbers of Bombay have held a public meeting, at which it was resolved that for the shaving of his head a Hindoo should be charged two annas, a Parsee four, a Mahomedan five and a half annas, and a Guzeratee nine pice. The Europeans were not disturbed; for, being able to shave themselves, any attempt to raise their rates might drive them to self-protection. There were 2,000 barbers present, and the local paper ascribes the combination to the present dearth of the necessaries of life.

AN IMMENSE CLOCK.—"The movement of this clock, next to that of Westminster, is the largest in the world, and in point of quality of material, and finish of workmanship, it is unequalled by any known."—*Illustrated London News*, Nov. 8, 1862. Clocks by the first artists of the day for the drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom, library, hall, staircase, bracket, carriage, church, turret, railways, watchtowers, counting-house, musical, and astronomical. Church and turret clocks specially estimated for. Benson's Illustrated Pamphlet on Clocks (free by post for two stamps) with descriptions and prices, enables those who live in any part of the world to select a clock. Also, a short pamphlet on cathedral and public clocks, free for one stamp. Prize Medal and Honourable Mention, in Classes 38 and 15. J. W. Benson, 33 and 34 Ludgate-hill, London. Established 1749. Watch and Clock Maker, by special Warrant of Appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. [Advert. Continued.]

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The effect of M. Thiers's speeches has been such that it is said the Emperor, convinced of the inability of mere lawyers to defend the Government as it should be defended, with an Opposition which counts such men as Thiers, Berryer, and Jules Favre in its ranks, is almost resolved to do away with the "Sinking Ministers" altogether. M. Rouland, for instance, is pronounced a complete failure. M. Baroche will probably be sent back to the Council of State. It is undeniable that the interest felt by the public in these debates is greatly on the increase. The Emperor feels much anxiety on the matter, and it is not impossible that some concessions will be made to public opinion.

The following amendment to the address was presented to the Corps Legislatif by M. de Belmontet, Pagesy, and others:—

"Sire, the Polish question is one of humanity and European order. France has not the mission to take up arms for a cause which, examined under every aspect, cannot be looked upon as having given offence to our honour or a menace against our frontiers. We are bound, however, to exhaust the influence of our moral co-operation in favour of Poland, to which your Majesty has given publicly proofs of profound sympathy. We consider it advisable to recognize as belligerents the Poles, who are not rebels, but inheritors of a right set forth in history and in treaties."

The amendment, after a long discussion, was put to the vote and rejected.

The Emperor received the deputation on Monday from the Corps Legislatif, which brought up the address in reply to the speech from the throne in November last.

His Majesty said, in reply, that the debates upon the confirmation of the members' elections, and on the address had been long and profound, and though they had taken nearly three months from the legislative business of the house, they had not been useless. To an impartial mind the result had been to reduce into nothing the accusations which had been skillfully spread.

The Emperor then continued:—"The policy of the Government is better appreciated. We have a more compact majority, and one more devoted to our institutions. These are great advantages. After the fruitless efforts of so many forms of Government, the first want of the country is stability. Nothing durable can be founded on an ever-shifting base without consistency. For sixty years liberty has become an arm in the hands of parties to overthrow the existing Government. Thence have resulted incessant fluctuations—power succumbing to liberty, and liberty succumbing to anarchy. This must no longer exist. The example of recent years proves the possibility of consolidating what has long appeared irreconcilable. Really sound progress is the fruit of experience. Its advance will not be hastened by systematic and unjust attacks, but by the intimate union of the Government with a majority inspired by patriotism and unswayed by vain popularity. Let us await from agreement and from time such ameliorations as are possible. Do not let the delusive hope of a chimerical future unceasingly compromise the present good which we have at hand to consolidate together. Let us each remain in our right sphere—you, gentlemen, enlightening and controlling the progress of the Government; I taking the initiative in all that may promote the greatness and prosperity of France."

DENMARK AND GERMANY.

On Sunday morning, Marshal Wrangel summoned General de Meza to evacuate Schleswig, giving him till five o'clock that afternoon to reply. General de Meza answered that he had orders to defend Schleswig.

The following is a translation of the speech of Bishop Wendt, the President of the Council, at the Landsting (Upper House of the Danish Rigsdag) on the 25th ult.:—

"It has been said, when war is undertaken, we ought to know for what we are about to fight. I will tell you gentlemen, for what we are about to fight. We are about to fight to prevent a foreign Power forcing into Schleswig; we are about to fight to expel those from the province who intrude into it. But, gentlemen, you will, perhaps, ask further, if war is commenced what settlement is intended to be introduced? To that I reply, tell me what will be the result of the war, tell me in what position we shall stand when war is concluded, and I shall then be able to inform you what settlement may be attained. Not even a powerful nation can say at the commencement of a war what settlement the result will render necessary, and just prior to the outbreak of hostilities it would be only empty words and hollow phrases to declare, 'Such or such is the programme for which we fight.' The programme, I maintain, which we have to follow, simply, clearly, and without evasion, is this: not to allow a single German soldier to pass the Eider without offering the best resistance in our power, and to use every effort to expel from Schleswig all who shall venture to intrude."

AMERICA.

Advices from Charleston to the 15th inst. state that the shelling of the city had been continued, causing some damage, but no casualties.

The Federal fleet were preparing to resist the anticipated attack by the Confederate rams. The Confederates had erected defences inside Fort Sumter. General Gilmore had temporarily suspended siege operations, and removed his headquarters to Hilton Head, where an extensive expedition, including several negro regiments, was fitting out for embarkation for some point not made public. Various rumours attributed the destination of the expedition to be the Savannah River, or to attack the railroad between Charleston and Savannah, with the view of afterwards operating in the rear of Charleston. The Confederates anticipated an attack upon Wilmington.

The Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* asserts that a campaign against Richmond will be opened in the spring by two large armies, each equal to cope with Lee's army. One of these armies will advance by the Rappahannock, and the other by way of the peninsula.

The *Raleigh Progress*, one of the Anti-Secession papers of North Carolina, says, Dec. 22:—

"Peace alone can prevent starvation. It is folly to talk to us about there being enough supplies in the country. Such is not the fact, and those who adhere to such a proposition will find out, when it is too late, that they have been mistaken. Confederate money is bad enough we know, but the dearth of provisions in the market is not caused by a want of confidence in the currency, but because the producers have nothing to bring in. Men who can command means are gathering up gold, silver, bank notes, and treasury notes, with which to buy pork in adjoining counties, and will be thankful to get it upon the terms and for the hard substance offered. How then will it be with those who have nothing but the pitance in Confederate money, earned in sewing or other work? When the currency of the Government ceases to serve as a means of trade, and will no longer buy what the soldiers and the people want, the army and the people will resolve themselves into a mob, and those who have misled and ruined them will have to fly for their lives. Do our people realise how near we are to this state of things? If not, let any citizen take a small sum of money and visit the city market some cold morning."

The following article from the *Richmond Sentinel* of January 12 proves that the public at the South are fully aware that they are next spring to make the last throw in this dreadful game:—

"The year 1864, the filling of whose circle will form another stage in the march of time, will also mark a most interesting and

critical period in the fortunes of our Confederacy. To the timid the new born year lowers gloomily. To the prudent there appears cause for anxious solicitude; while even heroism itself sees that the tug of war, the crisis of the struggle is upon us, and that we must prepare ourselves for the tremendous shock. As when the skirmishers are driven in, and the distant cannonade is ended, two great armies rush to the death grapple, and wrestle for the victory, so now the progress of the war has brought us to that final stage in which decisive blows are to be given and received. We cannot contemplate the coming of the next and fourth campaign of the pending war without solicitude. We shall be strongly pressed by the enemy. They are making busy preparation. They are buying mercenaries for the fight as men buy sheep for the shambles. They are paying the bounties the half of which the world never heard of before. They are spending money with a reckless profusion that contrasts strangely with their native parsimony. The cupidity with which they have ever sought their own advantage at our expense is far transcended by the lavish desperation with which they sacrifice their wealth for our destruction. American patriots of the better days were accustomed to say, "Millions for defence; not a cent for tribute." This maxim remains to us alone. Our enemies have altered it to read, "Millions for tyranny; not a cent for honesty and justice." Our enemies, too, will commence the next campaign with some advantages of position which they did not have in the beginning of 1863. They will begin at Chattanooga instead of Nashville; at Vicksburg instead of Memphis. They come flushed also with wild hopes, and they are animated with increased arrogance. It will be incumbent upon us during the current year to call out all our resources, and put forth all our strength. We must make the most vigorous battle of which we are capable. Everything is at stake—property, honour, liberty, and life itself; and a giant danger presses. "The Philistines be upon thee, Sampson!"

ROYAL RELATIONSHIPS AND FOREIGN POLITICS.

MR. BRIGHT, in his recent speech at Birmingham, referred to the complications in foreign politics which arose from our royal marriages. Without prejudging the question how far the action of our Government, with reference to foreign States, is, or can be, influenced by the family ties of the Sovereign, we may point out some of those connexions, some of which are less known than others.

The Prince of Wales, as every one knows, is married to the daughter of the King of Denmark, one of the parties to this German contest. His eldest sister, the Princess Royal, is married to the Prince Royal of Prussia, one of the parties opposed to the King of Denmark. His second sister, the Princess Alice, is married to the Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt, whose mother is a Princess of Prussia, and whose brother is an officer in the Prussian army.

These are direct relationships; but there are others scarcely less so with which the public are not so well acquainted.

Prince Frederick of Augustenburg—the Duke of Augustenburg, as he is generally called here—although that title properly belongs to his father, is a very close connexion of our royal family, and is much better known to the Court than to the people of these realms. It will be remembered that when the mother of Queen Victoria married his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent she was a widow. She was first married, in the year 1803, to the Prince Emich Charles of Leiningen, who died 4th July, 1814. By this marriage the Duchess of Kent had one son, born 1804, and one daughter, born 1807, who were consequently half-brother and half-sister of the Queen.

The Queen's half-brother, Charles, Prince of Leiningen, died 1858, and was succeeded by his son Prince Ernest of Leiningen, nephew of the Queen, who is a captain in the royal navy of Great Britain.

The half-sister of the Queen, the Princess Anne Feodorovna of Leiningen, married in 1828 Ernest Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. He died in 1860, leaving a widow and five children, the latter the nephews and nieces of the Queen. Of these children, the third son, Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, who took the name of "Comte de Gleichen" on his marriage with a daughter of Admiral Sir George Seymour, is a captain in our royal navy. His next sister, the Princess Adelaide Victoria of Hohenlohe (born 1835), married in 1856 Frederick Christian Augustus, Prince Hereditary of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderbourg-Augustenburg, the claimant to the sovereignty of the State of Schleswig-Holstein, who is by his marriage the Queen's nephew.

Besides these relationships of our royal family with the contending parties there are others less immediate. The King Leopold of Belgium is the Queen's uncle. His eldest son and heir, the Duke de Brabant, is married to an Archduchess of Austria, and his daughter, the Princess Charlotte, is married to the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, brother of the Emperor of Austria, another party to the contest. Besides these connexions the Duchess of Cambridge, who was a Princess of Hesse-Cassel, is an aunt of the Queen of Denmark, who was also a Princess of Hesse-Cassel.

Every party to the Dano-Germanic contest may therefore be said to be more or less immediately connected with the royal family of Great Britain.

GREAT SUFFERINGS OF A SHIP'S CREW.—By the Shetland mail we have received information of a very sad character regarding the sufferings of a ship's crew, a large portion of whom are reported as having died in consequence. The vessel is said to be a large iron ship named the *Victoria*, on her voyage from Calcutta to Liverpool, with a cargo of coals. Seventeen of the crew landed on the west coast of Shetland on Saturday from a boat in which they had been tossed about at sea for four days without food. Two had died and three had become insane. Of another boat, manned by the captain and thirteen others of the crew, and who left the vessel at the same time, intelligence, not fully authenticated when the steamer left, had been received to the effect that she had reached the west side of Shetland on Monday with only two survivors. The sufferings of both crews, exposed without food, in open boats, for four and six days respectively, were most dreadful, resulting in the death in all of fourteen men, and the insanity of three.—*Wick Northern Ensign*.

CENSUS ODDITIES.—Some of the people of Massachusetts gave the following account of their occupations:—Jack of all trades, 5; misers, 2; philanthropists, 2; practical Christian, 1; anything that pays, 2; loafers, 8; poet, 1; retired mechanic, 1; restorationer, 1; ruler, 1; wild men of Borneo, 2; nothing, a very large number.

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FOR EVERY HOME AN EXCELLENT FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE is the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospectus free. Whight and Manns, 143, Holborn Bars. [Advertisement.]

TWO THOUSAND LADIES BURNED TO DEATH.

THE mail steamship Atrato brings intelligence of a most terrible calamity at Santiago the capital of Chili.

The following particulars are published in the *Panama Star* and *Herald* of the 8th January:—

"One subject occupies the mind in Chili, the particulars of which make men's blood run cold, and the awful news of which will be received in every part of the world with the utmost horror. We do not remember to have heard of such a calamity, so shocking, so awful. The country seems to be stricken, and no wonder, under this awful calamity. All political matters are suspended for the present; men can think of nothing but this calamity; for in Santiago, the capital, scarce a family but mourns some of its number, having searched in vain for a vestige of their relatives, while whole families have perished. Nearly 200 cartloads of burned corpses have been taken from the awful pile and carried to the cemetery, where fifty men were too few to dig a hole large enough to bury what the fire left of the richest and best families in Santiago. Perhaps never in any country has a calamity so dire and unmitigated, so sudden and awful, ever happened. The newspapers give full accounts, but we must be content to relate the leading particulars as briefly as possible. It is scarcely known how much influence the priests of the Church of Rome exercised amongst the people of these republics; but for some years past all reason seems to have been banished from the minds of chiefly the female part of the people of Santiago, and a return has gradually been making to a worse than Pagan idolatry in their worship. Since 1837, the year of the invention at Rome of the Immaculate Conception of Mary, the church of 'La Compania' has been the focus of devotion of a large number of ladies of Santiago, and every year, from 8th November to 8th December, was carried on a celebration in the most splendid style, a festival in which was orchestral music, singing, and an astonishing prodigality of incense, lights of every kind, &c. Every corner of the building, from the ground to the ceiling, and especially about the altar, was a sea of muslin and drapery, flooded with every variety of illumination. But not content with such display, the chief priest of the church, a man named 'Ugarte,' would outstrip the Catholic world, and had invented a 'Celestial Post-office,' by which direct communication by writing was obtained with the Virgin Mary, and in which offerings accompanying the letters were to be deposited. This same man recently got up a religious raffle, for the benefit of the Virgin, but it was on the evening of the 8th of December that these celebrations were to reach their climax. The church of 'La Compania,' built at the end of the seventeenth century, had a spacious nave, but a roof of painted wood of very recent construction. The only door of easy access was the principal one, the small side doors opening only half, and obstructed with screens; near the high altar was a small door into the sacristy. This evening was the closing day of the month's celebration; over 3,000 women and a few hundred men had crowded into the church; Ugarte was to give a closing discourse; the nuncho from Rome, Elizaguirre, was also to preach, and hundreds had turned away from the door unable to obtain admittance. Those who had the best places had been admitted early by tickets, and were mostly young ladies distinguished for beauty and fashion. Twenty thousand lights in long festoons of coloured globes filled the church, with gauze and drapery of every description—pasteboard mummies and figures in every direction; there could not have been better preparation made for a sudden conflagration than had been prepared for this fatal night. The performances had not yet begun when the crescent of lights at the foot of the gigantic image of the Virgin over the high altar communicated fire to the drapery overhanging and to the pasteboard devices, and in an instant a sheet of flame rushed along the festoons of lights to the roof, and in a shorter time than we can write it the fire had spread over the building in all parts. The suddenness of it was awful, and words fail to tell of the horrors that ensued. At once nearly the whole people rushed to the principal door—fainting ladies fell down and were trampled on. The scene at the door who shall describe? Jammed, squeezed into one solid lump, the door was blocked up by the people; arms were rent from bodies which could not be extracted, and from the lintel to the arch of that awful passage became a crushed heap of mangled bodies. Most of the men escaped by the doors of the sacristy, and a few by the side doors; but inside of the area of the church only a few minutes elapsed ere the lamps suspended so plentifully from the roof poured a rain of liquid fire down on the people below, and in less than a quarter of an hour over two thousand persons, mostly females, were no more than blackened corpses. It must have been awful! The conduct of the priests was simply this, as reported in the *Mercurio* of Valparaiso:—"When the fire broke out, and people were occupying by the sacristy, they blocked up this door, that they might more undisturbedly save their gacaca. After saving these they all sought their own safety, except that one priest favoured the agonizing victims with his absolution, and Ugarte requested them to die happy because they went direct to Mary." The news of this event will be received with deep sorrow all over the world, and the people of Santiago may be assured of the sympathy of all who hear of their bitter trial."

We have been favoured with the following extract from a private letter relating to the terrible fire at Santiago:—

"This mail will take you news of an awful catastrophe which occurred here on the afternoon of the 8th of December. It being the festival of 'La Virgen Maria,' a most popular one with the 'beatas' of Santiago, a large number of people, principally females of the best and most aristocratic families, collected at the Jesuit old church, La Compania, the interior of which was hung with flags and other decorations, and illuminated with many thousand lights and large wax candles. During the service a fire broke out near the high altar, and in a few minutes spread in a most alarming manner. A panic ensued, and owing to the rush the doors got jammed, and the unfortunate people inside were unable to extricate themselves, and to the number of 2,300 were burned alive, and this in full view of thousands who could render no assistance. So great was the crush at the doors that those outside pulled off the arms of many in their endeavours to get them out. Some few children were saved by being passed over the heads of those inside, and a 'hueso' on horseback saved several by means of his lasso, which he threw inside the church, and then put spurs to his horse, dragging out those who were attached to it. However, the lasso soon broke, and no other was procured before the roof fell in. Many men were observed calmly seated inside the church, their heads resting on their hands, awaiting the horrible death that approached them, seeing that escape was impossible. In little more than half an hour after the fire broke out all was over; and so thoroughly was the work of destruction done that only a few corpses were recognised, and that only by a few scraps of clothes that does not mourn for a relative; in fact, the family in Santiago that does not mourn for a relative; in fact, the whole city is in mourning. E—lost ten cousins; fortunately no nearer relations. The wife of Don Ricardo Oralle and five grown-up daughters, fine, handsome girls, were all burnt. He died the next day from the shock of such a sudden and painful bereavement. A widow lady of the name of Santelicio, her sons and daughters, and their servants, all perished, and no representative of the family left to open the house where they lived."

A private letter says:—"The church was capacious enough to contain, in my opinion, 3,000 women, packed as they are in these countries, sitting and kneeling on the floor on their own hand carpets, which each lady carries with her. Besides those who could accommodate themselves inside (for which purpose many took their seats outside the church three hours before the doors

were opened), nearly 500 were left outside, sitting on the steps of the church near the doors, and just close enough to hear the music or catch a few stray words from the preacher. Unfortunately the lamps were not fed with oil, but with camphine, or as it is called here, "gas portatil." The principal image of the Virgin, in the centre of the altar, was supported by a fine half-moon or crescent of brilliant lamps. On lighting these, an accident took place (the details are not known or well investigated). About a third of the congregation, it appears, managed to run out and escape, but the rest of the women fell upon each other at the very doors, and instead of opening a passage to let others escape, formed a complete wedge, and the bodies remained locked together in rows, one upon the other; these masses becoming every moment higher and more compact, and none being able to extricate herself, as she was fastened or caught hold of by a dozen hands behind her. All was confusion and alarm, the bystanders tearing their hair and running about wild in the streets, without being able to afford the least assistance. A man on horseback, a country *guccho*, threw his lasso (or rope of hide, which they always carry attached to the saddle) into the church, and a thousand hands tried to catch hold of it. Some did seize it, and were dragged out by the man and the strength of the horse; but the second time the same attempt was made the lasso gave way. A few moments afterwards the bystander saw the women inside in flames. Their clothes had caught fire; the fire had reached their heads, and their hair was on fire. A great flame came across the church; the doors and other wooden parts took fire. The sufferers dropped down their heads and arms without a shriek, and all was silence. The church was a furnace above and below—the roof and the victims underneath. Never was there such a spectacle, nor do I think history can present a parallel. When I reached the spot all the interior of the church was a red flame. I only heard the cries and wailing of the people in the square and streets; the running about of wild men, and the crash of the dome falling in the midst of the ruins. A few minutes afterwards, the tower or spire, also of wood, caught fire, and in a quarter of an hour was consumed and fell into the church. There is hardly a family in Santiago that does not mourn the loss of some near relative. Two thousand victims sacrificed in a quarter of an hour, in a small enclosure sixty yards by thirty!"

A MAN MANGLED BY LIONS.

THE frontispiece of the *Penny Illustrated Weekly News* represents a fearful calamity at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. In addition to the sudden roaring of the lions forming part of the equestrian exhibition at that establishment, loud screams were heard the other morning, proceeding from the direction in which the animals are kept in their caravans during the interval of their performances. The body of a man named Thomas Reeves, who had within the last few days commenced his duties as a new keeper and feeder of the animals, was found drawn up close to the stage. Some of the employees immediately seized the long iron rods with a species of hoe at the end by which the cage is cleaned, and rushed to the spot. It was then discovered that one of the large lions had the man's right hand in his mouth, whilst another had seized him by the thick part of the forearm and had dragged the limb through the bars of the cage, nearly up to the arm-pit. Having no hot irons the men at once set to work belabouring the animals over the skulls and eyes, in order to make them let go their hold. These proceedings at the outset only tended to increase the ferocity of the animals, who amidst loud roars commenced tearing the flesh from their victim's arm and hand with their claws. It was not until the brutes were nearly blinded with the blows inflicted upon their eyes that they were induced to relinquish their gripe, when the poor fellow's mangled limb was drawn through the bars, but with some difficulty, and he fell fainting into the arms of those who rescued him from his horrible position. He was at once conveyed to the secretary's offices in Bedford-street, in an insensible condition, and covered with blood. Dr. Thomas, of Cloudeley-street, and another medical gentleman in the neighbourhood were sent for, and attended in a few minutes, and, in consequence of Reeves' exhausted state, administered brandy and other stimulants. It was then discovered that the hand was bitten completely through, and the flesh torn off the arm, in most parts to the bare bone. The mutilated limb was placed in bandages, and the sufferer placed in a cab and taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where his hand was subsequently amputated. At the time of the occurrence he was engaged in pushing some straw between the bars, either for the purpose of keeping it in the cage or of attracting the attention of the animals, and further familiarising himself to them. Whilst doing this, one lion suddenly made a spring upon his hand, and fastening its fangs into it, drew him by the arm inward. The roar and exultation of the first animal attracting the attention of the second, it sprang upon the arm, and mutilated it in the manner described. It is stated that the lions have been more than usually savage since the death of the large lioness, which took place during the late frost. During the afternoon Mr. Crockett and the lions went through their usual exhibition, during what is called the morning performance; but feeling out of the ordinary way transported, only the two lions which had been beaten looked heavy and more gloomy than the others. It is now felt to be desirable that red-hot iron rods should always be kept at hand, as had they been so the animals would have instantly been made to let go their hold of the unfortunate man.

SHOCKING CASE OF CRUELTY.

At the West Bromwich Police-court, on Saturday, a husband and wife, named John and Sarah Stokes, were brought up on remand, charged with having cruelly ill-treated their son, Samuel Stokes, a lad, aged eleven years. It appeared from the evidence that they had subjected the boy to a systematic course of ill-usage by beating and kicking him. He was at last removed to the workhouse by the police, who had been informed of the cruelty practised upon him. When the police entered the house they found him on the top of the stove, and naked, with the exception of his shirt. His hands were tied to his thighs, his wrists were bleeding and his hands much swollen from the cold. The boy, in giving his evidence, said:—"I am nearly eleven years of age. The prisoners are my father and mother. My mother tied my hands in the morning, and beat me with a whip. My mother also kicked me before she whipped me. My head was cut a long time before this with the frying-pan, which my mother struck me with more than once. My mother afterwards kicked me down stairs, and I fell upon my head and out it. My mother used to feed me, and I used to have gruel sometimes twice a day and sometimes three times a day. It was black gruel, and I used to have a basinful." Other evidence proved that the father had beaten him unmercifully. He once threw half a brick at the boy, which struck him on the leg, and caused a severe wound, and another time he dipped him head first in a canal. A medical officer who examined the lad said, "I found a wound in his head an inch and a half long extending to the bone, bruises and scratches all over his body, and a deep wound on the middle of his left leg; he was in a very weak and low condition and suffering from semi-starvation. There were other wounds about his body, which arose from disease. The wounds were not immediately dangerous, but they had been neglected. I should say that the wounds on the head and leg had been inflicted with much violence." The prisoners were committed to take their trial at the next Stafford assizes, upon the charge of assaulting with intent to do grievous bodily harm. It appeared that they were brought before the magistrates some time since upon a similar charge, when the mother was sent to prison for twenty-one days.

THE BURNING OF A COLUMBINE.

MR JOHN HUMPHREYS, Middlesex coroner, resumed at the London Hospital the inquiry relative to the death of Mary Ann Thorne, better known as Madame Marie Charles, the Columbine at the Pavilion Theatre, who lost her life by being burnt on the stage. Mr. Donne attended to watch the case on the part of the Lord Chamberlain, and Mr. Robert Peckham appeared on behalf of the relatives of the deceased. It will be recollected that the evidence taken previously went to show that on the evening of the 6th of January the deceased stumbled, and that her dress went over a "water row," and became ignited at a row of gas jets immediately behind it. There was a ground rail four feet in a vance, and it was alleged that deceased had no business to go inside it, and also that no wet blankets were kept in readiness in case of accident. Eliza Ogden, 68, Cannon-street, St. Luke's, a young woman twenty years of age, said she was the "child" referred to in the previous examination, on whom the deceased was leaning at the time of the accident. They were both between the first and second rows on the stage. The gas lights were behind the second row. Deceased said to witness, "Step in here, dear." They had been cautioned not to go in there, but deceased asked witness to step in nearly every night. The witness's face being turned towards the audience she only knew deceased was on fire by the glare. She got hold of the deceased to assist her, but some one dragged her away as she was also dressed in gauze. The witness had not heard the stage carpenter call out to come from between the rows. When the deceased was on fire coats were brought, and also a counterpane or blanket. A blanket was always kept on one side of the wings and a rug at the other. Witness's dress was found by the theatre but she had to wash it herself. The proprietor could have seen that they were between the rows, but he possibly might not have served them. The witness did not like to go in between them, but she felt bound to obey the Columbine, who was above her. The witness had often said to the ballet girls that she did not like to go between the rows, but she did not remonstrate with the Columbine. Robert Warden said that he was the Sprite at the Pavilion Theatre. He was not on the stage at the time of the accident. He saw some one bringing a blanket. As they were about to throw it over deceased she said "Don't let these men near me; send me ladies." A man wrapped a blanket round her, and carried her in his arms to the hospital. The fact was notorious that deceased used to go in between the rows. Deceased said to witness in the hospital, "I said that she took fire entirely through her own fault in getting over the ground pieces. H. W. Stacey, laboratory man at the London Hospital, said that he was in the theatre when the deceased caught fire. He got on the stage and carried her to the hospital in a blanket. He did not notice whether the blanket was wet. The jury, after some deliberation, returned the following verdict:—"That the deceased died from the effects of burns arising from her dress taking fire at a ground light while performing on the stage at the Pavilion Theatre, and that her death was accidental; and the jury recommend that in future the dresses of the ballet dancers should be rendered unflammable, and that all ground lights should be protected, and the coroner is requested to forward these suggestions now to the Lord Chamberlain."

DISEASES OF LIONS.

LIONS, and all other animals of the cat kind, suffer, when imported into this country, from a kind of consumption. They wheeze, lose flesh, their lungs become diseased, and they finally waste away and die. When one of these great beasts dies he is submitted to the faculty, and it is a pleasant evidence that the proprietors are not merely "showmen," but have an intelligent interest in these wonders of nature, that they have for many years contributed their defunct specimens to the collection of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, in whose halls may be found at this day some skeletons of lions, tigers, and other animals famous in their day. In the subdivision of labour, one man takes charge of four cages to clean, feed, and attend upon all the wants of the occupants. The flesh-eating animals are fed but once a day, and not at all on Sundays. The monkeys and other small animals are fed twice a day. The elephant seems to browse all day long. None but good beef is given, and it must not have the slightest grain of salt upon it. Water is given four or five times a day. A full grown lion eats from 15lbs. to 18lbs. of meat per day. An elephant's rations are 300lbs. of hay and two bushels of oats per day when he is travelling; when standing still he gets no oats, but an additional hundred weight of hay. The elephants lie down when they go to sleep. Two barrels of water moisten each elephant's daily hay. When an animal falls ill, it is doctored. The mysteries of a lion's physio must be scored here. They belong to his faithful master and attendant, who knows, by the experience of more than seventeen years, what will best restore his rounded form, glossy coat, and his easy breathing. Not unfrequently they bring forth young. Some dozens of lions have been born in this country, but only a few live to out their second teeth. There is now in a cage on the right-hand side a lion of good size, born three or four years ago in Georgia. Lions generally produce three or four at a litter. Two cubs named little leopards on the left are natives of Wisconsin. They are not bigger than cats, but already scratch and fight "as 'tis their nature to." They even quarrel with their mother for her raw meat. They receive only cooked meat, and occasional rations of beef broth. Until the young are two months' old they cannot be exhibited, on account of the jealousy of the mother, who sometimes kills her young in her frantic efforts to get them out of the way when strangers are staring at them; she will pick them up in her mouth, and fling them against the back of the cage, to get them out of sight. For this reason, when a lioness or tiger has a young family, she is shut out from the outer world and kept in wholesome quiet, till her nerves acquire some tone, and she is able to receive visitors, and exhibit her cubs without too great agitation.—*New York Evening Post*.

THE PRESIDENT'S LAST.—The "President's last," must be recorded,—its omission would be unpardonable. A gentleman recently from Richmond, called at the White House a few days since, and in an interview with Mr. Lincoln sat there were Union and Union prisoners enough in the rebel capital to take the town at any time. He advised that Meade's army be employed to divert Lee, while Butler's was sent to attack Richmond with a thousand men. This reminded the President of a story he once heard out in Illinois. There was a theological seminary a short distance from town, and a small stream had to be crossed on a bridge to get at it. The creek overflowed occasionally and carried the bridge away. The theologians called a meeting, to see if they could not find an architect who would build a permanent bridge—one that could resist the flood, and would not be swept away every year. One brother said he knew of such a man, and sent for him immediately. He replied, with great emphasis, that he "could build a bridge clear to hell, if paid enough." The theologians, highly indignant, immediately dismissed him from their presence, and the brother who had introduced him was called upon to apologise for him. "I am sorry for the offence he gave you, brethren," said he; "but he is a good architect, and I really believe he could build a bridge to the place he spoke of, but I wouldn't be so sure of the abutment on the other side." So it was with the Unionists in Richmond. Lincoln believed Butler was a very good officer, but he had some doubt about the other end of the story. He wasn't so sure about the Union abutment in Richmond.—*American Paper*.

LORD STANLEY.

THE portrait here given is that of Lord Stanley, eldest son of the Earl of Derby. Lord Stanley was born in 1826. At the fourth dinner of the 12th Company of the Queen's (Westminster) Rifle Volunteers, the chair was taken by his lordship.

The CHAIRMAN in the course of the evening said, I must ask your patience for a minute or two while I give that which I suppose we are to consider the toast of the evening. "The Army, the Navy, and the Volunteers." (Cheers.) If I did not say this now, Colonel M'Murdo would hereafter; so I may as well be beforehand with him. I suppose we volunteers, however highly we may think of ourselves—and if we have not a good opinion of ourselves we are not likely to do our work with a spirit—however highly we think of ourselves, we must acknowledge that our function is to supplement, but not to supersede, the regular army. (Hear, hear.) Volunteer patriotism will take us to Wormwood Scrubs, but it won't take us to India or New Zealand. (Hear.) We have about 30,000 men scattered over the various colonies; we have nearly 70,000 in India; and if English military service is not to be a perpetual banishment, we require to keep a considerable force at home, in order that these men may be relieved from time to time. (Hear.) Many complaints used to be made, a few years ago as to the condition of the private soldiers of this country. I believe those complaints were in the main well founded, but I also believe, or rather I know, that the state of things to which I have referred has entirely changed. (Cheers.) Thanks to the labours of many energetic men, and most of all to the late Lord Herbert (cheers)—nearly every grievance that was complained of ten years ago has been removed, and I say now with some confidence that the English private soldier, if he be sober, steady, and well behaved, is better off, as regards his actual position and his future prospects, than the great majority of the agricultural labourers of this country. As to the navy, we can none of us say that the present state of things is altogether satisfactory. (Hear.) We are spending a great deal of money, and we do not exactly see our way. That, however, cannot be helped. It is not our fault. It is nobody's fault. We are living in a period of transition. Every ship we build, and every gun which we construct, is an experiment. (Hear.) We must keep abreast of other countries, though we cannot tell that the work we are doing this year may be rendered useless by discoveries made next year. Of course that is not a satisfactory state of things, but we have two consolations. What is true for us is true for every country, and where it is a contest not only of courage—though in that we can hold our own—but a contest also of mechanical and engineering skill, Englishmen are not apt to allow that they are going to be beaten. (Cheers.) Although we hardly know what we have at this moment that is effective in the way of the navy—though we may be sure that the ships of the present are very different things to the fleet of the future—still, contrasting our position with that of other countries, I believe our relative strength never was greater, and that we could hold our own upon the seas as thoroughly as we did in the days of Trafalgar. (Cheers.)

MILITARY ENDURANCE.—A writer in the *Washington Chronicle* says that the greatest power of endurance of such hardships as belong to a soldier's life belongs to men over thirty-five years of age; that men from eighteen to thirty are ten times on the sick list where those older are only once; that the records of the hospitals around Washington develop the fact that, aside from surgical cases, the patients there under thirty-five are as forty to one over that age; consequently, a sound man of forty, and of temperate habits, will endure more fatigue and hard treatment than one equally sound at the age of twenty.—*Missouri Democrat*.

SCENES OF THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN DIFFICULTY.

WE this week present our readers with illustrations on page 533, of incidents relative to the dispute in Northern Europe. A Hamburg letter of last week says:—

"The passage of the Prussian troops has now ceased. They were fortunate in being enabled to cross the Elbe on the ice, though the thaw had partially set in, but the ice is now considered so dangerous that a channel has been cut and the communication is again maintained by the steam ferries. As the Prussian cavalry were so imprudent as to omit having their horses rough-shod, they lost several valuable animals in crossing the Elbe on the ice, whilst the whole of them suffered from falls and strains produced by not taking this precaution. Though the greater part of the troops are gone on, the staff is still here. The field-marshal gives a dinner every day, at which covers are laid for forty guests. Prince Frederick Carl of Prussia last night honoured with his presence a ball given by the consul-general of Oldenburg in this city, where many of the senators and magnates of the Exchange were present to his royal highness. Scarcely are we quit of Prussian troops but their place is supplied by the Austrian army corps, portions of

FEMALE FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

(From *Le Follet*.)

WE have this month to notice such an extensive list of elegant dresses that we will only devote a limited space to general remarks. At the present moment, ball and evening dresses are of the first consideration. Low bodies are cut rather square, or slightly in the shape of a heart. Thick materials are usually made with round waists. Very wide sashes are worn with these, tied behind, with double falling bows; the sleeve is made with bouillonne of the same material as the dress. The trimming of the skirt reaches about half a yard up from the bottom—narrow flounces, bouillonnes, bands of velvet or taffetas, lace, or chenille fringe, are all in vogue. A net-work formed of chenille, or with small hanging plush ornaments, is also worn; and fur is as fashionable as ever. Tarlatane dresses are even trimmed with bands of swan's-down, and the effect produced is both novel and pretty. Swiss celatours and corselets are still quite the rage. They are to be seen in so many different styles that all tastes may be pleased; but those made with basques, and laced up in front, are, perhaps, the most stylish.

Visiting dresses are frequently made quite plain, with merely epaulettes of passementerie, and amonieres to match. Passementerie is sometimes put up every seam of the skirt. The skirts are made quite as long and fan-shaped as formerly; of course, the lower part much wider round than the upper.

Sleeves are still very small and long; only just open sufficiently at the wrist to show the under-sleeves.

There is little change in bonnets this month; they are, if possible, more simple and elegant than those described in our last number.

We begin with one of corn-flower blue satin, quilted; a velvet ribbon, about an inch and a half wide, beginning at each side of the crown, is fastened at the top in two long bows and ends; two other straps of the same ribbon are brought from the inside of the bonnet to meet the bow. A bunch of periwinkles in blue velvet is placed across the forehead; narrow strings of velvet to match the bonnet and wide ones of black silk.

A white plush bonnet; the front and curtain edged with plaid velvet, a large flat bow of the same, the ends trimmed with chenille fringe; the edge of the front trimmed with the same fringe. Strings of white ribbon, edged with plaid velvet, is substituted for the plaids.

A bonnet of pale green velvet, the curtain trimmed with black lace. The front has a half wreath of brown heath, and velvet leaves; in the inside, the same flowers mixed with black berries. Blonde cap and green satin strings.

The dinner and evening coiffures are high, but coquettes and artistic. The coiffure russe is much adopted this winter, and requires the ornaments to be worn on the summit of the head. Amongst many charming head-dresses, was one formed with a pouff of tulle on the summit, Siberian aigrette at the side, with a rosette of red velvet; a diamond butterfly in the middle of the pouff.

A head-dress of pink rock coral, branches of coral crossing the back hair, and falling in long strings.

A coiffure of white point lace, forming a chaperon, trimmed at the side with two bunches of chrysanthemums; a marabout feather very light, spotted with white bugles, is carried across the front, and falls over the back hair.

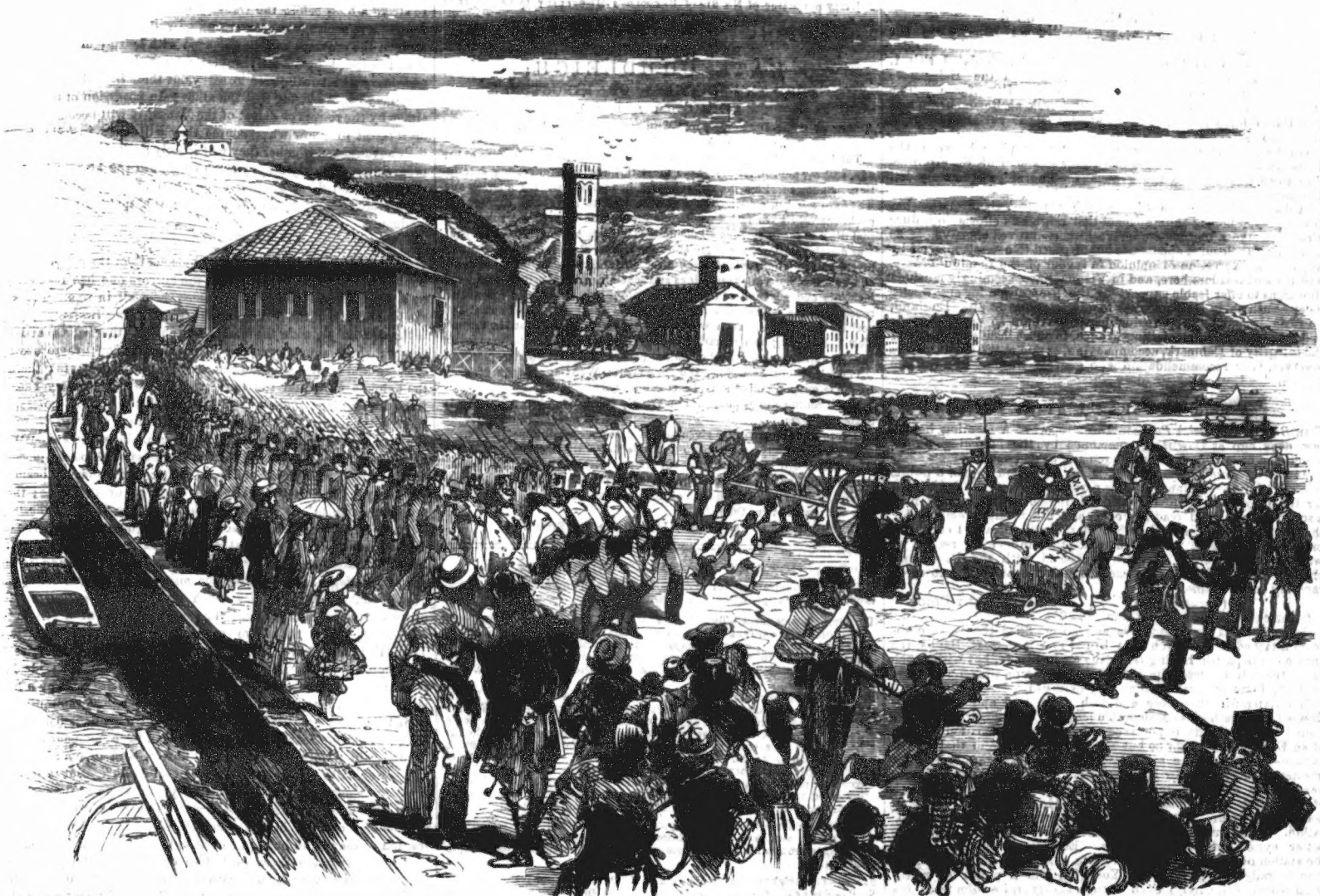
THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.—It is by no means a matter of congratulation for those who speculate on the great improvement which has taken place in the education of the working class, that, at an inquest held on Saturday last in this town, eleven out of fourteen jurors were unable to write their own names. Yet such is the fact. Fortunately it did not require but the most ordinary capacity to arrive at a verdict after the coroner fully explained the nature of their duties. Let us hope that in the next generation such a circumstance as we chronicle will be as great a rarity as the friends of education will desire.—*Dundalk Examiner*.

LORD STANLEY.

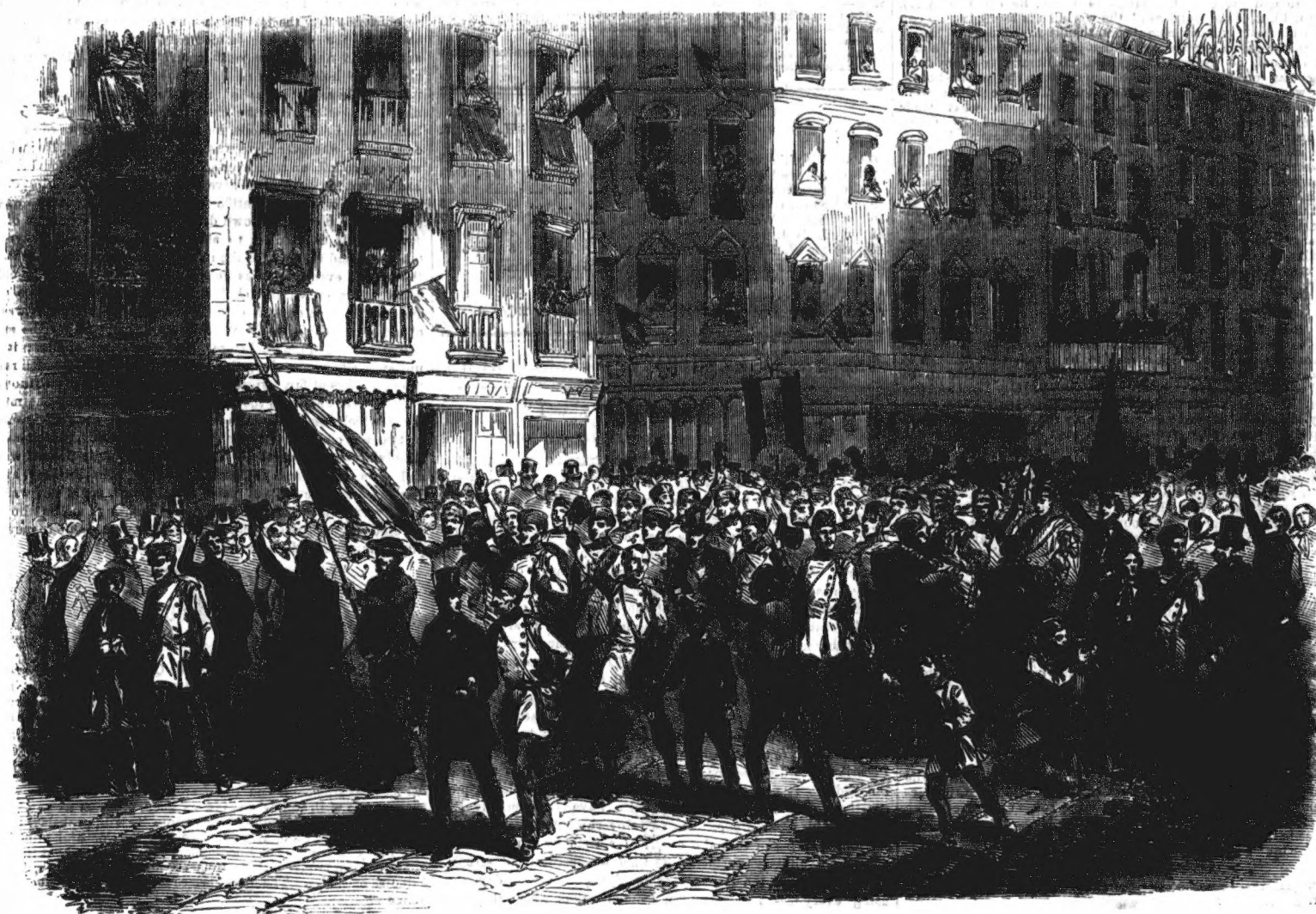
which arrive now every day by the railroad from Berlin. The carriages are unloaded as soon as they arrive, and sent back without delay to fetch more troops. The Austrian corps is under the supreme command of Lieutenant Field-Marshal Von der Gableitz, who has arrived here with his staff, and established his headquarters at one of the principal hotels in this city. Great interest was created by the arrival of a regiment of Hungarian hussars, whose brilliant uniforms and splendid chargers excited general admiration and attention."

A SEAMAN'S daughter (C. T.) has sent to the National Lifeboat Institution £20, being the produce of her needlework.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The custom of employing ladies as clerks in the public departments at Washington is meeting with increased favour. It is said that, generally speaking, they write more correctly than the men, and as they receive much smaller salaries, the gain to the Government is considerable.—*American Paper*.



PASSAGE OF AUSTRIAN TROOPS INTO HOLSTEIN. (See page 532.)



GRAND RECEPTION AT KIEL OF THE PRINCE OF AUGUSTENBURG. (See page 532.)

PASSAGE OF THE EIDER BY THE AUSTRALIAN AND PRUSSIAN ARMIES.

COMMENCEMENT OF WAR.

The following telegram was forwarded on Monday to the Foreign-office:

"Intelligence has been received from Hamburg, dated Feb 1, saying that the Prussian forces have crossed the Eider into Schleswig, in the direction of Gottorp and Eckenforde. The Austrian forces have entered the Kronenwerk at Rendsburg, and the Danes have retired from it, after a slight skirmish between the outposts."

On Monday, at noon, an engagement took place between the Prussian artillery and two Danish screw steamers of Eckenforde. The town was taken by the Prussians. The ships ultimately left the harbour.

A despatch from Berlin of the 30th says:—"Confirmation has been received here of the statement that England's efforts to induce France to take a mutual step have hitherto proved abortive. The Emperor Napoleon, it appears, is not disposed to commit himself by any decided expression of opinion in favour of the London Treaty, and his ambassadors here, and in Vienna, have seemingly received directions to offer feeble support to the proposition for six weeks' delay—such as, in fact, amounts to offering none at all. England, however, is said to be pursuing her endeavours to engage Russia and Sweden at any rate, falling France, to more decided support of the integrity of Denmark, accompanying, as one of the Berlin papers observes, 'her recommendation with general warnings and vague threats.'"

A SENSIBLE SPEECH, BY A LADY.

THE *Bury and Norwich Post* contains a report of a meeting held a few days ago at Cowlinge, summoned by the following notice, which had been affixed to the church and chapel doors:—

"I hereby give notice that it is my intention to call a public meeting of the inhabitants of this parish on Friday, the 22nd inst., for the purpose of discussing proposals regarding the formation of a school, library, and reading-room, and other improvements for the welfare of the general public of this village, and I earnestly pray all the farmers, tradesmen, and other influential people, as well as the labourers who are connected with the Dissenting chapel, to attend and give me their advice and help towards carrying out the same."

(Signed)

EMILY, LADY PIGOT.

"Branches Park, Cowlinge, Jan. 10, 1864.
An influential and numerous assembly filled the large club-room attached to the Green Man Inn. The Rev. S. H. Banks, the curate of the parish, having taken the chair, briefly, but with much earnestness, introduced the subject, bestowing on the efforts made by Lady Pigot the praise which they deserved."

Her Ladyship then rose, and with much zeal and energy addressed the meeting at considerable length. She observed that the school was of primary importance, since without education the life of an Englishman would be but slightly removed from that of the savage—he had almost said slave; but the slave-master had far greater consideration for his slave than in free England a farmer has for his men. A man cannot work unfed. In the north of England wages are 12s and 14s a week; a man does work there, but does not altogether neglect his education. I am surprised we do not follow in these parts the better system of other counties. Education, consistent with the station of life God has seen fit to place him in, must raise a man morally and physically. You give him a power of recreation which will surely, even though slowly, raise him from his animal stupidity to a life of thoughtfulness and thankfulness. How many curse the day that gave them life, because they have no knowledge of God, no feeling, and no knowledge of any life beyond the present! But the man possessing a fair share of knowledge has a power of enjoyment which his uneducated neighbour knows nothing of. He can beguile weary hours by reading; he can read and learn and judge for himself God's Word; he can read work which tell him of the wonders of the world he is living in; he can read to his less favoured neighbours, thanks to education. Lady Pigot then went on to state that in that parish there were 849 souls, and no school, no resident clergyman, no library, nowhere for a young man on leaving work to go to but the public-house. They were in a deplorable condition. Their children were sent to schools far from home, and inferior to what their own might be if they undertook to have one, and, by God's blessing, to keep as it ought to be. The want of education led man in the sullen ignorance of his poor neglected intellect, away from the peace and comfort of his home to the boreship and the society of men equally ignorant and weak in moral and religious character. Such men too often went from bad to worse, till they became convicted thieves, poachers, burglars, or incendiaries. I want (continued Lady Pigot) to give to the poor man an education suited to his wants, and thereby to give him also an interest in his daily occupations. I want to tighten the bonds of fellowship and friendship between the rich and the poor, between the labourer and his master. We can do nothing without each other; one labourer with his hands, and the others should labour with their heads for him. We must strive to better his state, to make him feel that he is not a mere beast of burden, worth so many shillings a week to his employer, but a fellow-creature with ourselves, with a soul to be saved, with feelings to be considered, and with an intellect given to him by God to be turned to account. You remember the parable of Our Lord and the talents. Gentlemen, you have all talents, some have station, some money, some intellect, some even have only the influence of a good example, but we may be assured that to each of us here now has God given a talent, whether we acknowledge it or not, for the good employment of which to God's glory (firstly), to the satisfaction of our own consciences, and the benefit of those around us, we shall surely be called to render an account. Well, then, we must none of us say we have so little we cannot give, and that we are so low in our social position, in our life and means, that we have no influence. Nor must this intellect which God has given us be hid in the earth or under a bushel. We must make all the use we can of it. In Scotland the labourer is twice as intelligent as a Suffolk man. Every man there has some amount of general knowledge, besides reading, writing, &c. The middle class in Cowlinge must see the want and feel the necessity of a school, and that the moral and corporeal health of their labourers depended on the exertions made in their behalf. These men were under their influence, and they were bound by every tie of nature, by every law of God and man, by Christian sympathies and their obligations to one another, as part of a large, rich, prosperous, and God-fearing people, to help those who served them early and late. After pointing out the practical details which would have to be considered in carrying out the scheme, her ladyship concluded by announcing five donations to the amount of £92, and four annual subscriptions amounting to £26.

Messrs. GIFFORD, senior and junior, expressed the thanks of the parishioners for the valuable address of her ladyship, and the farmers present willingly consented to aid the cause by free carriage of materials.

Three hearty cheers were given for her ladyship before the meeting broke up.

THE first two names of the young prince will be Albert and Victor.

A GIFT FOR THE READERS OF REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY.

NEW TALE GRATIS.

Every purchaser of No 819 of REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY, to be published on Saturday, February 13th, will be entitled to receive as a present, gratis, Number 1 of a

NEW TALE, ENTITLED KATE CHUDLEIGH; OR, THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

BY MALCOLM J. ERRYM.

Author of "The Dark Woman," "Edith the Captive," "Edith Heron," "George Harrington," "Nightshade," &c.

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* * Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

ENNA.—The height of Queen Victoria is about five feet one inch.

X P.—The origin of coats of arms dates from the Crusades. They arose from the knights using painted banners to distinguish them on that expedition.

AN APPRENTICE.—Although you are not bound to work on the Sabbath, you cannot claim the recognised holidays by the same rule.

JUVENILE.—To count a billion (a million times a million) would take upwards of nine thousand years, counting at the rate of two hundred per minute.

BIBLION.—A female is not of age till twenty-one.

R B.—The word "Bible" is derived from the Greek word *biblion*—a book. The translation now in use was published in 1613.

ROBERT.—Udney Murray was born in America, at Swetara, in the State of Pennsylvania, in 1745.

JANE.—Decidedly, the lady has the choice of the church where the marriage ceremony is to be performed.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

		ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
D.	D.			A. M.	P. M.
6	S	Fieschi executed, 1836	...	0 25	0 55
7	S	Shrove Sunday	...	1 22	1 49
8	M	Insurrection at Milan, 1852	...	2 13	2 38
9	T	Shrove Tuesday	...	3 0	3 23
10	W	Shrove Wednesday	...	3 44	4 7
11	T	Lady J. Grey beheaded, 1554	...	4 28	4 49
12	F	Sir W. Napier died, 1860	...	5 9	5 30

Moon's changes.—New moon, 7th, 6h. 10m. a.m.

Sunday Lessons

MORNING. Genesis 9, to v. 20; St. Mark 7. AFTERNOON. Genesis 12; 2 Cor. 3.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

On the morning of Sunday last Marshal Wrangel summoned the Danish commander to evacuate Schleswig, and at midnight the Austro-Prussian force began its advance. The troops crossed the river at various points. Thus have Austria and Prussia finally committed themselves to the chances of a conflict with the Danish monarch. The means taken for the accomplishment of their task are such as in their opinion must ensure success. They desire that the Danes should be convinced of the hopelessness of resistance, and for that purpose they are bringing into the field an army which is probably more than twice as numerous as their enemy. If the Danes have at the most from 35,000 to 40,000 men, the two Powers will, if necessary, march to the Schleswig frontier a force of 80,000 to 100,000. Seldom have German Governments at any crisis shown such alacrity. France herself could hardly set her legions on foot more speedily, or press them on more actively to the scene of war. In a week or ten days more it is probable that the whole Austro-Prussian force destined for the campaign will be to the north of the Eider. It need hardly be said that the very efficient preparations of the Danes for resistance have been mainly the cause of this promptitude. The two Governments have not been without a suspicion that the demand for time by Denmark arose more from military considerations than a constitutional scruple. They found that the Danes were fortifying night and day, and using every means to free from ice the waters which they look

upon as a protection from invasion. Frost could not be relied late in February, and it was desirable to take advantage of what ever remained of it. During the next week the Governments of the two Powers will no doubt hurry forward their troops, and endeavour to strike a blow before the Danes are again favoured with a thaw. Rumours in such a case are various. In the opinion of most observers, the province will be defended with spirit; but some think that, if pressed by a vastly superior force, the Danes may retire and leave the two Powers to carry out their intentions, whatever they may be. Assuming that the allies gain possession of Schleswig either by the retreat or defeat of the Danes, it will become a matter of interest to know what course they will take in following their advantage; whether they will strictly limit themselves to the programme, and only occupy Schleswig until the stipulated conditions are fulfilled, or whether they will endeavour to coerce Denmark more speedily by an entrance into the northern part of the peninsula.

NEVER was there anything more hideous than the catastrophe at Santiago. It not only exceeds all the horrors one has read of, but by a preternatural medley it combines them all in one. There is the funeral pile of the Suttee and the ministering Brahmins; there is the *auto da fe*, with the stake, the chains, the fagots, and the clergy; there are the tortures of the Inquisition; there are the smeared and ignited shirts of the early Christian martyrs; there is the helpless crowd on the burning deck, with the fiery show from the rigging; there are the horrors of the "middle passage" there is the city overwhelmed with hot cinders of lava; there are the burnings of ballet-dancers, and the crushing and suffocation of panic-stricken audiences; there is the mass of helpless innocents waiting the flame flying from floor to floor and beam to beam; the factory; there is the death-blast of the pit or the mine; there are the "customs" of Dahomey; there are the bloody wheels of Juggernaut; there are the sacrifices of virgins that drove the Pagans into philosophy and atheism; all these dreadful rites and frightful dramas seem performed together on one stage and in one act at Santiago. It surpasses the measure of human folly, as even of that human ingenuity which always exceeds itself in the cause of folly and delusion. The worst enemy of a people a religion could not have committed so cruel a massacre. The Federals have been throwing fire into Charleston for months, with no more success than to burn a few sheds and hurt one or two labouring people. Heaven's own shaft will hardly cause so much death in an age as the mummification of Santiago in a quarter of an hour. The tremendous bolt shook a city, but strikes one or two people, whom in a moment it plac beyond pain. Here all the beauty, flower, and bloom of a great city were put to the most agonizing of all deaths. But it was the blind confidence of the victims that placed them at the mercy of fools, the most murderous of foes. The poor creatures were dressed and arrayed in the garments of death, contrived in the fashion of the day to burn, to disable, to entangle, and to communicate. They were there in festive ornaments. They were packed close and wedged together. There was still one aperture left to admit the stream of victims to the last, and tempt a few valiant men to heroic self-sacrifice. The men already in the church were disabled from assisting their sisters, mothers, friends by strong iron bars, which also secured their own retreat. The clergy had their own entrance and exit, which they instantly took additional precautions to monopolize. There is certainly an engineer in her Majesty's service who could have provided so efficiently for the immediate and entire destruction of everything in the church. Immense fabrics of pasteboard, paper and muslin rose to the ceiling and stretched along the walls above. Whole reservoirs of paraffin and other oils, inflammable as to be called portable gas, were placed in commanding positions, like the charge of a mine. Twenty thousand lamps, each full of these oils, hung in festoons, or were ranged in cornices, or wherever there was lodgment for them. No magazine was ever so full, no train ever so well laid. A professional engine had offered his services to give a stronger light with less danger, but his plan was too scientific for these madmen. A fate was impending, not to their own doom, but to the immolation of the devotees. It is needless to ask whether they would have done otherwise had they shared the risk; but they did not share it. The signal everything was ready. The building could hold no more, but a crowd still choked the only general entrance. The emblematic moon on which stood the colossal figure which was the object of that day's special worship, as it had been for the month before, contained the fatal store. The flame was applied; it shot upwards, sideways, along the walls and ceiling. Then fell rain, fire and flakes of fire. Instantly an entangled mass of two thousand women were simply as the coals in a furnace, feeding one might flame, which rose to meet the deadly descending shower. A minute or two was enough for the hideous transformation, which, as in dissolving view, changed all these blooming, gaily dressed women and girls into black stiffened figures, each in its last agony. Michael Angelo could not paint this; Dante could not write it; nobody could preach it. The boldest of the rough artists who have covered the walls of some foreign churches with sights to move the pity of surviving friends could not come near this scene.

The Court.

We understand that her Majesty the Queen of Denmark and her eldest daughter are expected to arrive in this country early in the month from Copenhagen, on a visit to their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, in order to be present at the christening of the infant prince.

During the past week, the progress of her royal highness the Princess of Wales towards complete recovery has been uninterrupted—thanks to a good constitution and the care and attention of her medical attendants and those around her. The young prince is also quite well, and is making as good progress as can be expected, and the inhabitants of the metropolis will, probably, have royal christening soon, as it is expected that the youthful prince will very likely be baptised at Buckingham Palace on or about the 10th of March, just twelve months from the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The infant prince is extremely like the Prince of Wales.

THE CASE OF ALLEGED POISONING IN CORNWALL.

The examination into the charge against Richard Oke Millott, of Penpol, near Hayle, of poisoning his brother J. C. Millott, was resumed at the White Hart Hotel, Hayle, on Saturday last.

The first witness examined was Henry Bedilla, formerly a servant at Penpol. He went to the house about nine o'clock on the evening in question. He saw Miss Davy and William Bryant taking tea in the kitchen. The servant, Jane Teague, called his attention to the snoring of deceased, which he could hear at the bottom of the stairs. The next morning, about nine o'clock, he saw the corpse.

Honor Johns, who had been a servant at Penpol for ten years, but had left some years ago, said she used to attend upon deceased, whose sight was very defective. She saw him last August at Hayle, and had a conversation with him, during which he twice told her that he had made a will. When he did make a will he should remember his brother William, his niece Ellen, William Oliver (an old servant), and all those who had been kind to himself and his mother.

In cross-examination she said she remembered the late Miss Kitty Davy, sister of Sir Humphry Davy, being at Penpol, but she knew nothing of the present Miss Davy.

Mr. John Stephens, who farms the estate of Penpol, said he saw the deceased nearly every day in the fields, and saw him the day prior to his death. He knew he had been suffering from a cold about three weeks prior to his death, but deceased told him he was getting better.

In cross-examination he said he had seen deceased put his hand to his forehead and rub it, but never saw his legs or feet twitch.

James Williams said that in February last he was asked by the prisoner to come to Penpol, as the deceased was about to make a will, and wished him to be one of the witnesses. He went accordingly, and found the deceased and the prisoner there, as also William Mitchell, the carpenter. A document was brought into the room by deceased and the prisoner; it was signed by deceased, witness, and William Mitchell. Before it was signed the deceased read it. After deceased had signed he put his fingers on the seal and said, "This is my last will."

Philip Vincent said he was a surgeon, residing at Cambourne On Wednesday, the 20th of January, he made a post mortem examination of the body of deceased after it had been exhumed. Dr. Montgomery, of Penzance, assisted. They examined the body very carefully. The stomach, intestines, and, in fact, all the contents of the abdomen were perfectly healthy. The kidneys were also healthy. The lungs were a little more purple on the surface than is usually the case, but were otherwise healthy. The was a little clot of blood in the heart; the valves were quite healthy. The menbranes of the brain were natural. On lifting the lobes of the brain about a pint of fluid escaped. The brain was next examined, and they found that the deceased had suffered from congenital hydrocephalus; the ventricles were enormously enlarged; the substance of the brain was healthy, as was the windpipe and liver. There was about a pint of fluid in the stomach, and a small quantity on the cheek, which had oozed from the mouth. There was also a small quantity in the bladder, but the bladder was healthy. The fluid in the brain came from the ventricles, and he should say it would not cause death. If deceased had suffered from influenza, and had had a hard-cough for a fortnight or three weeks, he should have expected to find the thorax inflamed, but there was nothing more than natural. The water, of course, must press more or less on the brain, but it would not affect its healthiness. Water in the ventricles might produce headache. The symptoms of deceased as detailed by the various witnesses were not consistent with effusion on the brain. Could find nothing from the appearance of the body to account for death. Did not know of any natural disease which would produce the symptoms referred to; some of them resembled gastritis. Could not say whether deceased did or did not die from natural causes. According to Dr. Taylor's works, some of the symptoms resembled a case of poisoning. If witnesses had been called in to the patient, he should have given history, as was done.

By the bench: If deceased had taken mineral poison, alcohol would not affect it much, but it would act as a solvent upon vegetable poison, and thus cause it to be more readily taken up by the stomach. If he had suspected poison he should have used the stomach-pump. Had he supposed there was effusion on the brain he might have applied leeches to the head.

Cross-examined by Mr. Dowling for upwards of four hours. The following is the gist of the examination:—The room in which the post mortem examination took place was small. There were several persons present, among whom was the prosecutor, Mr. Frederick Edmunds, surgeon; Mr. Roscorla, prosecutor's attorney, and Mr. Cornish, the magistrate's clerk. Did not take notes of the examination of the body at first, because it appeared so healthy, and he did not think it necessary, but took notes of the appearance of the brain, windpipe, and stomach. Saw Mr. Edmunds writing something during the examination. Neither the body nor the tissues were decomposed; they were, on the contrary, very fresh indeed. Did not notice any contraction of the limbs, nor any especial rigidity about the head or neck. The hands were not clenched. Did not notice whether the thumbs were turned inwards or not. The toes were not contracted. No fullness of feature. Everything quite natural. The body was fat and appeared to be remarkably well nourished. No looseness about the integuments. Eyeballs not sunk. Skin was white, except on the back, where there had been pressure. No looseness about the outside; it was not detached from the skin; it was dry. There were no external marks. The body was very little swollen. The fat was about a quarter of an inch thick. It was the fattest body he ever saw; the colour of the fat was yellowish white. Muscles firm, red, and very fresh. The bones were very firm, and not diseased. There was no swelling of the eyelids, but there was a little discoloration. The pupils of both eyes were semi-contracted; there was no presence of the *arcus senilis*; no discharge of matter from the ears. The fluid that was discharged from the mouth was the same as that found in the stomach. He shaved the fluid off along with the whiskers, and placed it in a paper to be sent to Dr. Taylor. Could not say whether the paper was furnished by the prosecutor; wrapped it up and laid it on the table while he went on with the other operations. For all he knew, it was the same as was afterwards sent to Dr. Taylor. There was no rigidity about the jaws; they were just what might be expected in a corpse which had died from natural disease. The mucous membrane of the mouth was healthy. The tongue did not show the slightest sign of poison. Did not look at the uvula; an enlarged uvula would cause a cough, which would last as long as the uvula was elongated. A man suffering from influenza would be subject to elongated uvula. Removed the heart before the brain was examined. Did not consider that his doing so would cause the blood to flow from the vessels of the head to other parts of the body. There was no serum or blood under the scalp. The skull was healthy. There was no blood of any kind between the skull and the dura mater. Did not notice whether there was any effusion. Could not tell whether the inner aperture of the ear were closed. He had expected to find some fluid in the arachnoid, but found none. It did not occur to him that removing the heart first would prevent his finding fluid in the arachnoid. The colour of the arachnoid was dirty brown. Treating the case as one of chronic hydrocephalus, they expected to find fluid in the ventricles of the brain, and they found it accordingly; there was about a pint. The quantity of blood in the ventricles of an ordinary brain would be about a tea-spoonful. The pia mater was natural. There was no fatty degeneration; no calcification, or calcareous deposits. Did not

examine it with the microscope. Could not say how low down the spinal cord was cut, nor whether it was cut below the medulla oblongata or not. Did not test the specific gravity of the brain; it did not soften rapidly on exposure to the atmosphere; it was as healthy a brain as ever he saw in his life. There were no tumours on the spine externally. When they removed the stomach they placed it in a dish in the window, while they proceeded to take out the entrails. The lungs were a little more purple in colour than usual—a sign of congestion. Never saw a healthier stomach or entrails.

Re-examined by Mr. Roscorla: Neither the prosecutor nor any one else interfered with the examination nor with the contents of the stomach. Did not think that the results of poisoning by arsenic would be discernible three weeks after death.

At this stage the case was adjourned. The case has caused the greatest excitement throughout the country.

A CLERGYMAN CONVICTED OF LIBEL.

At the Old Bailey Sessions, the Rev. Thomas Richardson Birch, a clergyman of the Church of England, surrendered to take his trial on an indictment charging him with writing a malicious, scandalous and defamatory libel of and concerning Mr. Felix Frederick Taylor. A second count charged him with publishing the libel knowing it to be false.

Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, and Mr. Poland were counsel for the prosecution; Mr. Collins and Mr. Harry Palmer conducted the defence.

Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., in opening the circumstances substantially as they were afterwards related in evidence, explained that from 1852 to 1858 the prosecutor, Mr. Taylor, was a wine merchant in the Borough, and that in that interval he became acquainted with the wife of a gentleman named Barlow. His intimacy with her resulted in the birth of two boys, now of the respective ages of ten and eight years. Early in 1861 the marriage of Mr. Barlow and his wife was dissolved by the Divorce Court, and in the beginning of the following year, as soon as he could do so by law, the prosecutor married Mrs. Barlow, with whom he has since lived at Herschel House, Slough. With that exception there was not a single circumstance in his or her life that the prosecutor would wish to shield from the jury. He afterwards engaged the defendant, Mr. Birch, as tutor to his two sons, at a salary of £100, with a furnished cottage in the immediate neighbourhood of his own house. Mr. Birch entered on his duties in June, 1862, which he continued until July last. That was the relationship in which the parties stood to each other when the alleged libels were written. These the learned counsel read to the jury, as they were afterwards put in evidence.

Mr. Felix Frederick Taylor was called, and examined by Serjeant Ballantine. He said: Some years ago I was in business as a wine merchant, from which I retired in 1858. Previous to that time I had formed a connexion with the lady who is now my wife, and by her I have two children, both boys, now of the ages of eight and ten years. There was a suit in the Divorce Court, resulting in a dissolution of my former marriage, and I afterwards married the lady with whom I am living at Slough. I have resided there since April, 1859, and my household usually consists of two women servants, a coachman, groom, and gardener. I was desirous of obtaining a tutor for my sons, and with that view I applied to Mr. Johnson, a classical agent, through whom I was afterwards introduced to the defendant, Mr. Birch. I first saw the defendant in May, 1862, and on several other occasions. At one of these interviews I told him that we were plain people, but further than that I made no representation to him with respect to my family or domestic relations. I engaged him at a salary of £100, and with a furnished cottage besides in my own grounds. He was a married man, and he and his wife frequently dined at my table. He took possession of the cottage, and for about four months we went on satisfactorily, but by degrees he became more and more remiss in his duties. I ceased him as much as I could to induce him to do better, not wishing to find fault with a gentleman in the position of a clergyman. I recollect his having had an offer of the chaplaincy of the Slough Union, and I assisted him in procuring it. I remember the visit of the Prince of Wales to Eton. On that occasion I received a letter from the defendant, proposing to give my boys a holiday. On the same evening I received a second letter from him requesting an interview with him next day, when, he said, every matter connected with our engagement, as well as other matters, should be freely discussed. I had not before that alluded to any circumstance apart from his own proper business. He had only shortly before dined at my house. The anonymous letter produced is in the defendant's handwriting, as is also the letter produced addressed to Mr. Sharpe which bears the defendant's signature.

Cross-examined by Mr. Collins: I have said I retired from business in 1858. I had been at one time in partnership with my father and brother. I formed the acquaintance of Mr. Barlow about 1848 or 1850. He occupied the upper part of the house in which my business was conducted.

Mr. Collins: Did you visit him as a friend?

Witness: Well, yes; I was intimate with him, and was occasionally at his house. I became acquainted with his wife about the same time. I knew the husband first, and through him was introduced to the wife—if that be relevant. Mrs. Barlow at that time had two children, girls, about ten and twelve years of age. I visited them on friendly terms about two years.

Mr. Collins: Did you then elope with her?

Witness: I did, if you please so to express it.

Mr. Collins: Did you commit adultery with her in 1848?

Witness: No.

Mr. Collins: When did you first commit adultery with her?

Witness: I am unable to say.

Mr. Collins: Was it while she was under her husband's roof?

Witness: It might have been.

Mr. Collins: Answer my question. Witness: It was.

Mr. Collins: Did you afterwards take her from her husband and her children and live in adultery with her for several years?

Witness replied in the affirmative. He continued to state, in cross-examination, that when he engaged the defendant as tutor to his sons, he (witness), did not say he was an Oxford man, nor that he was an University man, nor that his wife was a lady of high family and the daughter of a colonel. They lived a quiet life, and had not made acquaintances in Slough or its neighbourhood. They had had visiting offers, but had not accepted them. No ladies living in the neighbourhood visited at his house, and that was by his wish. The defendant did not resign—witness dismissed him. He had never said that this affair had already cost him £3,000, and that if it cost him over £20,000 he would ruin the defendant.

Re-examined: When Mr. Barlow instituted his divorce suit he claimed no damages, nor were any awarded against witness. Witness married the lady as soon as he could do so by law, acting in that respect under the advice of Messrs Jennings, proctors, or Doctor-commons. He had lived with her and the children ever since. It was by his wish that no intercourse should take place with his family. He took up his residence at Slough mostly on account of one of his children being afflicted with epilepsy, and he had made no acquaintances there.

The alleged libels were then put in evidence. The first was an anonymous letter addressed to the Rev. Mr. Sharpe, at Eton-bathurst, Eaton-square, about the time he was about to become or after he had become tutor to the prosecutor's sons. It was as follows:—

"Windsor, Berkshire, Oct. 15, 1863.

"Rev. Sir,—For the present, in common justice to a stranger, all are quite willing and ready to believe that you do not know that you have entered into a sink of the grossest crimes and infamy and

vilest disgrace, or else are going to do. If you still keep your engagement, you will receive, and deserve it, too, the contempt of all decent people who are not in the Church, and the justest disgust of all the gentlemen who are so. I hope if the police of this borough, also of Eton and Slough. It is now your duty to make up your mind, and think it right, you can say about these dreadful things of the house at Slough to the ministers there—namely, the Rev. Mr. Crox, the Rev. Mr. Birch and the Rev. Mr. Taylor."

"COUNSELLORS TO ONE WHO WOULD THINK NEEDS COUNSEL."

"Rev. Mr. Sharpe"

The second, which is also addressed to Mr. Sharpe, in reply to one from that gentleman, is subjoined:—

"Slough, Bucks, Oct. 21, 1863

"Dear Sir,—I am grieved to say that the duty which your letter calls upon me to perform is one of a most painful character. When I entered upon the tutorship I need scarcely say it was in perfect ignorance of any one of the said circumstances of the family about which you inquire, or rather it was under a tissue of misrepresentations as to the social and moral condition of it. About three weeks after my arrival here I was elected chaplain of the union. When the chairman, in full board, had told me, as he expressed himself, with great pleasure, that I was unanimously chosen with an increased stipend, he added that it was with extreme sorrow he found I stood in my relation to Mr. Taylor, and inquired whether I was willing to resign it. I was allowed a certain time for examination of the alleged facts against Mr. Taylor. During that period I received several anonymous letters, referring to law reports, in which occurs the case of 'Barlow v. Taylor and Barlow.' I also received a newspaper containing a report of the Consistorial Court proceedings in that lamentable matter. The far greater part of the ladies of this place, while saying how happy they would be to receive the visits of Mrs. Birch, assured me that it was utterly impossible to visit her, and as many gentlemen, while calling on me, apologized for their not bringing their wives or daughters to the cottage. No respectable persons visit at Herschel House. When Mr. Taylor, after six several serious entreaties upon my part, declined to tell me whether even then he was married to the woman with whom he lives (and who is the mother of the boys, my late and your prospective pupils) I quitted the cottage. Since that time I have been most credibly informed that there are other facts in this case to which I should be ashamed to refer in writing. The most injurious circumstance of my life is my ever having stood in the connexion with them which I have so unhappily done. I am quite startled at their audacity in again addressing themselves to a clergyman, but suppose that even their shamelessness has not gone so far as to again address themselves to one who is married. I am, rev. sir, yours faithfully,

"Rev. S. Sharpe" "T. R. Birch."

The jury retired, and were absent nearly an hour. On their return they handed in a verdict of "Guilty" on both counts, but with a recommendation to mercy.

The Recorder asked upon what grounds.

The foreman replied upon the ground that the defendant was hurt at his dismissal, and was labouring under excitement at the time.

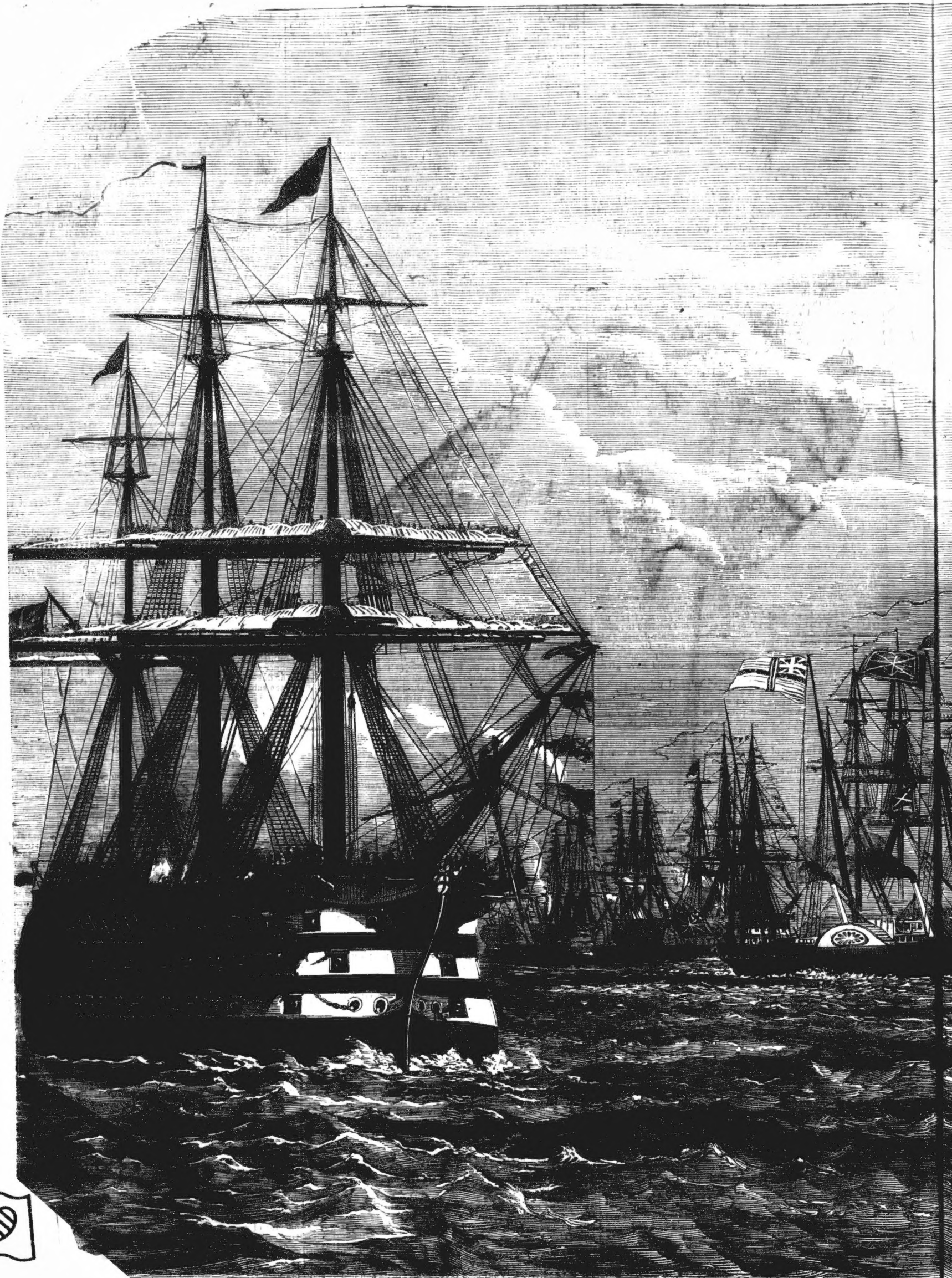
Sentence was deferred, and in the meantime the defendant was committed to Newgate.

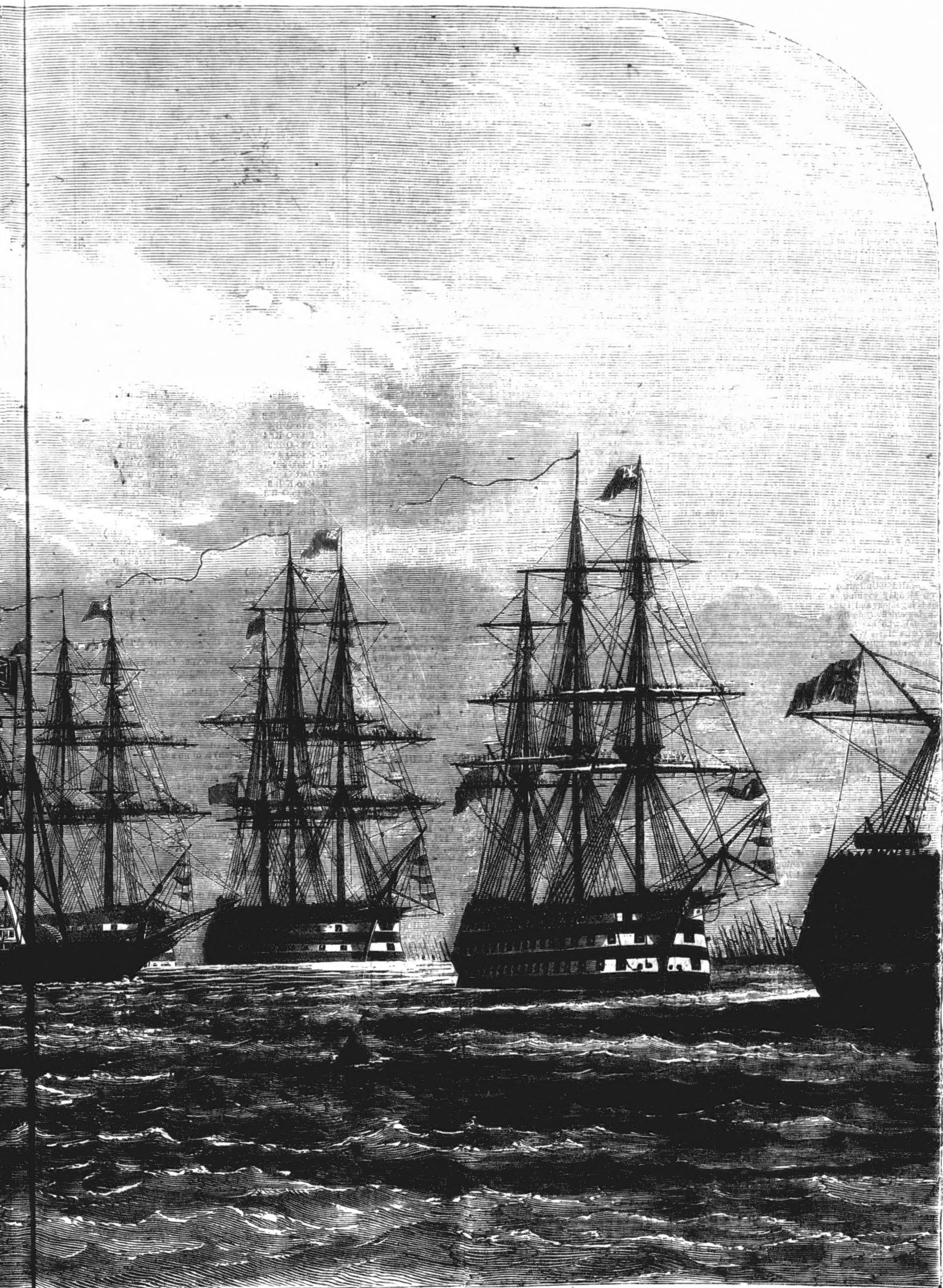
THE ROBBERY OF THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK'S DIAMONDS.

A PARIS correspondent writes:—"The assize court was crowded by a fashionable audience to witness the trial of the Duke of Brunswick's valet for stealing his master's diamonds. The 'great attraction' however upon which the ladies had especially calculated was left out of the performance. It had been supposed that these famous diamonds would have been laid upon the table in court, as pieces de conviction, and that the duke himself, with his painted face and black silk wig, would appear in the witness-box. Bitter was the disappointment when it became known that neither the duke nor the diamonds would show. His serene highness had been subpoenaed, but sent a note to the presiding judge to say that he was indisposed and could not appear. It will be remembered that the diamonds in question, which are said to be worth the enormous sum of from 2,000,000fr. to 3,000,000fr. (£80,000 to £120,000), were stolen in December last from the strong safe in which the duke kept them at his residence, No. 21, Rue de Beaumont. By an extraordinary derogation from his usual habits, he had left the outer door of the safe open all night. His valet observing this, at once conceived the project of forcing open the inner door, which he did without difficulty. Taking only the most valuable diamonds, and dropping several about the room, he decamped with his booty while the duke was asleep. The telegraph was set working in all directions, and two days afterwards the robber was arrested at Boulogne, just as he was stepping on board a Folkestone boat. Almost all the diamonds were found upon him; those missing are valued at about 104,000fr. (£4,000). Headmits having given one worth 1,400fr. to a girl with whom he passed a night, but whose name he refuses to discover. As to the rest he gives no account, except that he must have dropped them in the girl's room, and did not think it worth while to stop to pick them up. The prisoner, on being interrogated, gave his name as Henry Shaw, twenty-six years old, and said he was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The judge, however, said that Shaw was not his real name, because some letters addressed to him by his father had been found which bore the signature of Sherok. The prisoner appears to have led a wandering life, and to have followed various vocations in various countries. A fellow servant deposed to having heard him confess that he had robbed an uncle at Warsaw of 14,000fr. (£560), and that his uncle had told him to go away and 'get himself hung elsewhere'—an observation which when repeated in court caused great laughter. Shaw did not attempt to deny the robbery, and his demeanour was cool and impudent in the extreme. He said he did it from motives of vengeance, but as the duke had not chosen to come to the court he should not give any explanation or make any defence. M. Lechaud, who appeared for the prisoner, said that his client had, in spite of his pleading and reiterated advice, positively interdicted him from making any defence, and therefore his mouth was closed. The learned counsel, however proceeded to insinuate mysterious reasons for the duke declining to appear as a witness, but was stopped by the judge, who said that under the pretext that his tongue was tied he was saying a great deal too much. Shaw, being found 'Guilty' without extenuating circumstances, was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment with hard labour."

SOMETHING FOR THE CURIOUS.—A pin dropped into St. Paul's one week, two the next week, four the next week, and so on for one year, would reach to such a magnitude, that the cathedral and the churchyard together would be insufficient to hold the accumulated heap of metal: the pins numbering at the expiration of the 52 weeks, 4,608,699,627,370,495; sufficient to cover 23,932,604 acres, or more than 87,394 superficial square an area of nearly 935 times the size of the City of London; a solid bulk exceeding 107,233,077 cubic yards; weighing less than 446,939,897 tons, or nearly 19,595 times the amount of copper and tin extracted annually from Great Britain.—H. S. M.

A LETTER from Tilsit, in Prussia, named Lippo, aged thirty-four, and only been married to a young woman aged six ordinary statue.





Theatricals, Music, etc.

S. F. JAMES'S.—A new comedy, from the experienced pen of Mr. Leicester Buckingham, was produced here on Saturday evening, under the title of "The Silver Lining." The house was crowded to overflow, and the applause which followed each act, and again at the fall of the curtain, evinced the gratification of the audience, and secured a decided success for the comedy. Mr. Buckingham was loudly called for, and bowed his acknowledgments. We may thus briefly sketch the plot:—Arthur Merivale is a young gentleman of fortune. He has gained the loving heart of one Helen Maltravers. Spite of his protestations, Mrs. Maltravers hesitates to confide her daughter to a man who has faith in nothing that is pure and good. Her doubts are shared by a loquacious widow, a Mrs. Dorrington, who has heard that his misanthropy is the result of the inconstancy of some former lady love. To test the truth, she contrives that Dora Merivale shall sing a ballad, which the widow has heard was the favourite song of the faithless fair. The expedient succeeds; Merivale is troubled; but his sister explaining, in accounting for her own tears, that the melody evoked reminiscences of her mother, Mrs. Maltravers hails the cynic's emotion as a proof of filial piety, and greets him as her son. Between the first and second acts eighteen months are supposed to have elapsed, and the marriage has confirmed, rather than lessened, the bridegroom's cynicism. By ill-bred banter he succeeds in extorting from a certain Major Eversley the unexpected intelligence that the said officer had been smitten by the beauty of Helen Maltravers; and, although he had never spoken to her, had worn next his heart a rose that had dropped from her bouquet at a public ball. His jealousy thus awakened, Merivale receives his wife, on her return from a two months' absence, with icy coldness, and taunts her to reference to a man whose name she has never even heard. During this interview he receives an order to start immediately to Paris, but when he bids her accompany him she, electing to remain with one whom she can respect—her mother—firmly refuses. In the third act we find Mrs. Merivale seeking vainly to drown thought by ceaseless excitement. She dances all night, hunts all day, and cannot secure an hour of feverish sleep without recourse to opiates. From a loving, trusting, guileless wife, she has sunk in three months to a desperate woman. She has neglected to answer her husband's letters, and when he returns and asks her, somewhat uneasily, if she loves him, she laughs in his face. Rather than return home with him she attempts to take poison, but Merivale succeeds in dashing the laudanum from her lips. Finding her utterly callous, he tries the desperate and cruel expedient of telling her that her child is dead. At this intelligence the mother's hardened heart is softened, and in the paroxysm of fearful grief she opens her arms to her husband, and they are again reconciled. The rage explained, the mother's anguish is turned to joy, but the wife's feelings are unchanged; so all ends happily, and the moral of the piece is worked out, that "the darkest cloud has its 'silver lining.'" When we say that the cast included Mr. Charles Matthews, Mrs. Charles Matthews, and Mrs. Stirling—three of the most consummate actresses of the day—and that they played in brilliant style, the audience, we may well be assured, were gratified. Mr. Frederick Robinson, Mr. Frank Matthews, and Miss Cotterell were the other characters; the two latter especially sustaining their parts with ability.

STRAND.—A lively comedietta, written by Mr. A. C. Troughton, and entitled "Unlimited Confidence," was produced at this theatre on Monday evening, and received with marked favour. The plot is ingenious and leads to many diverting situations—the fun springing chiefly from the perplexities of Lieutenant Hilliard (Mr. Parselle), who has been compelled by his fiancée, Florence Beecworth (Miss Marie Wilton), to promise that, for a certain time, he will in nowise mistrust her, whatever he may see or hear. During his period of probation he sees and hears very strange things, which test his confidence, for the young lady has been compelled to extort from him this pledge by the manoeuvre of Miss Jefferson (Miss L. Thorne), her aunt, who is secretly married, and has a child, and who for purposes of her own passes off Florence as a widow, and further saddles her with the baby. The intrigue is further complicated by the arrival of Colonel Daures (Mr. W. Bedford), Hilliard's uncle, who proves to be the lost husband of Miss Jefferson, and who mistakes Florence for his own wife. The piece was extremely well played. Miss Marie Wilton displayed all the power of graceful comedy, looking charming, and playing with indolent artlessness and vivacity. Miss L. Thorne performed with grace and agreeable effect. Mr. Parselle gave full embodiment to the bewilderment of the puzzled lover; and Mr. Bedford, as the choleric Colonel, won fresh laurels, in a part quite out of his usual line, in which he elaborated a character-portfolio full of dramatic effect, which evidenced the power of a genuine artist. All the personages were called for at the fall of the curtain, and Mr. Troughton bowed from a private box, in obedience to the unanimous call of the audience.

ASTLEY'S.—The production of Mr. John Brougham's new drama at this theatre on Saturday evening last had been looked forward to with considerable interest; nor were the numerous patrons assembled to witness it disappointed. A more elaborate or skillfully-constructed plot could scarcely have been conceived; but the thoroughly practical knowledge of the stage possessed by Mr. Brougham has enabled him to overcome every difficulty, and he has thus been able to produce a series of effective situations, which achieved for the piece the most deserved success. Its title is "The Might of Right; or, the Soul of Honour." The principal part or parts in the drama fall to Mr. Henry Lorraine, who sustains a double character, that of twin brothers—Paul Deverill, of the royal navy, and Ralph Deverill, of the King's Guard; but they resemble each other so closely, that, unless the eye of the playgoer quickly catches the slight distinction between the naval and military dress of that period, each is liable to be mistaken by him for the other. At one period in the drama, he also sustains the part of an old gipsy, in order to outwile the machinations of their bitter enemy, Sir Wilfrid de la Roche, who not only plots for their death, but also to abduct and forcibly obtain in marriage Clara Wycherlie, the affianced bride of Ralph Deverill. The rapidity with which Mr. Lorraine made his changes from the gipsy to Paul Deverill, and from Paul Deverill back again to the gipsy, the activity as well as the tentative art of the actor was recognized throughout his arduous undertaking. Our space will not admit of our giving even a mere outline of this elaborate plot. The scenery and dresses, we may observe, were splendid; and at the fall of the curtain there was a unanimous call for Mr. Brougham; who, however, was not present. Mr. Frank Matthews, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Calhoun, Miss Desborough, and Miss Clifford sustained their respective parts with great efficiency.

THE THEATRES generally are still well attended, the pantomimes well maintaining their ground. The Agricultural Hall, too, continues to be largely patronised, as well as other general amusements.

TRUE UNCOLOURED TEAS, hitherto unobtainable, are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker, Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. They combine purity, fine flavour, and lasting strength, and are much more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use, hence their great demand.—[Advertisement.]

General News.

THE first of the buildings which has been erected by the committee, to whom the disposal of Mr. Peabody's munificent gift to the City of London was referred, will be ready for occupation in the course of the present month. The building, which has cost £22,000, is situated at Bethnal-green. The applications for rooms have far outstripped the means of the committee to supply them, and some difficulty has been experienced in making a selection out of the number. There is every expectation that the speculation will be most successful, as the building has been formed with the view of affording the utmost accommodation to the occupants. Rooms have been constructed of the dimensions of twelve feet by fifteen feet six inches; a sufficient size for a small family. There are rooms of a smaller size, and some for single men.

THE Liverpool Post publishes a letter from Flensburg, in which the following account is given of the Danish general, De Merza:—"With the general-in-command I have the honour to be well acquainted, having frequently dined at his house. He is a tried soldier, and was the hero of the greatest battle (Isted) which the Danes fought during the war of 1848-51. This general is a character: his coolness is extraordinary. During the heat of the fight to which I have alluded his white kid gloves were bespattered with blood; he quietly drew them off, threw them away, took another pair from his pocket, and put them on, as if nothing had happened. He is also a good linguist, speaking perfectly some eight languages, and is, moreover, a composer. He has dedicated one composition to my wife. He was the right-hand friend of the late and an intimate one of the present King."

A GREAT disaster occurred a few days ago at a small village called Wurg, in Rhenish Bavaria. Fourteen children, when skating on a pond, lost their lives, the ice giving way under their weight. Four of them belonged to the same family.

A LETTER from Naples of the 21st says:—"The first grand ball given yesterday by Prince Humbert to the elite of Neapolitan society was most brilliant. More than 2,500 persons were present, and dancing was kept up to a late hour. The evening, however, was saddened by a regrettable incident. A discussion, in which some sharp words were exchanged, led to a duel between the Duke de Sant'Arpino and Prince Colonna, brother of the Syndic of Naples. The cause of the duel was an act of forgetfulness which had involuntarily taken place with regard to the Prince de de Malteirne, who, having danced in the quadrille with Prince Humbert, ought, according to etiquette, to have supped at the Prince's table. The Duke de Sant'Arpino having given his address to Prince Colonna, a meeting took place by torchlight in the villa of the Marquis de Salza, at Pausillips. The weapons chosen were cavalry sabres. The combat was very sharp, and lasted nearly five minutes. The prince was first touched in the breast, and the seconds interfered, but as no blood was drawn the combat was continued. After a few passes, the duke, feeling a certain resistance against his sabre, cried out that his adversary was wounded. The prince declared that he felt nothing, and was eager to continue; but at that moment blood was seen streaming from his arm, and the medical men declared that the wound was severe enough to put an end to the affair. The combatants, old friends of twenty years standing, then shook hands—*Galgani*."

THE Emperor of the French has conferred upon the Comte de Flahault, lately ambassador of France at this Court, the high dignity of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. No appointment could be more appropriate. It associates with the second Empire the most illustrious surviving representative of the first, and places at the head of the Order one whose extraordinary career from 1800 to 1815 embraces almost all the principal events of that wonderful epoch.

A GENERAL order of the Prussian field-marshal has been published at Hamburg. It says that as fifty years ago the Austrian and Prussian armies when engaged in the same struggle wore the same badge, now, when fortune, which cannot be sufficiently praised, leads them again shoulder to shoulder into battle, they are to adopt the same symbol as of old. This consists of a white band round the left arm. Several officers have already been seen wearing this distinctive mark, and a supply of 40,000 is said to have been ordered.

THE inauguration of St. Jade's Church, Lillingdon, has been conferred upon the Rev. William Pennefather, B.A., of Trinity College, Dublin.

THE BRITISH NAVAL FLEET IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

It may not be uninteresting to our readers at the present time to lay before them the following statement of our naval forces (an engraving of which is given in pp. 536, 537) in commission on the Mediterranean station, together with the names of the commanding officers, and the number of ships, men, guns, horse power, and tonnage. The commander-in-chief is Vice-Admiral of the Blue Robert Smart, K.H., with his flag in the Marlborough 121, screw-ship; second in command, Hastings Reginald Yelverton, C.B., with his flag in the Revenge, 73, screw-ship; Superintendent of Malta Dockyard, Rear-Admiral of the Red Horatio Thomas Austin, C.B., with his flag in the Hibernia, 104, receiving ship:—

Ships.	Guns.	Men.	H-p.	Tons.	Commander.
Caradoc	2	75	850	676	E. H. Wilkinson
Chanticleer	17	170	200	950	J. E. F. Risk
Cockatrice	2	40	60	286	R. M. Gillson
Cossack	20	275	250	1,296	W. R. Rolland
Firefly	5	70	220	550	G. R. Wilkinson
Foxhound	4	90	200	681	W. H. Anderson
Gibraltar	81	880	800	3,729	J. O. Prevost
Hibernia	1	127	—	2,530	R. B. Harvey
Hydra	1	80	220	618	A. L. Mansell
Jarvis	11	120	150	580	H. T. Beger
Liffey	39	440	600	2,654	G. Parker
Magicienne	16	285	400	1,258	W. Armytage
Marlborough	121	1,080	800	4,000	C. Fellowes
Meane	60	650	400	2,691	G. Wodehouse
Orlando	45	600	1,000	3,740	G. G. Randolph
Pelican	17	175	200	952	W. H. Oomber
Phoenix	35	510	500	2,896	T. D. A. Forriassne
Proctor	2	31	60	735	H. J. B. Vislan
Psyche	2	60	250	835	R. Sterne
Resistance	16	455	600	3,710	W. C. Chamberlain
Revenge	73	680	800	3,822	Hon. F. A. C. Foley
Scylla	4	90	200	680	W. H. Whyte
Trafalgar	70	880	500	2,900	T. H. Mason
Trident	3	104	350	850	C. J. Balfour
Wanderer	4	90	200	675	M. O. Seymour
Weaver	6	65	100	690	A. H. J. Johnstone
Wessex	1	24	90	300	Tender.
Boxer	1	36	60	233	Tender.

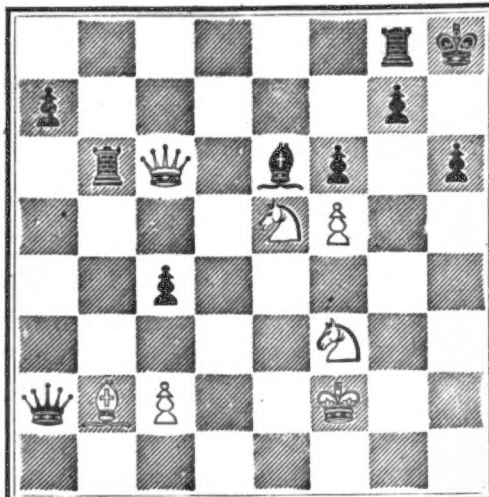
FRACAS IN THE HUNTING FIELD.—A fracas occurred last week between some members of the Cheshire Hunt. A gentleman, well known in Liverpool and Manchester, being carelessly cannoned against by a young Blackburn gentleman, threatened to horsewhip him if he did it again. The elder brother of the offender coming up, dared the gentleman to carry out his threat, which he at once did, and some blows were then exchanged. The father of the brothers then arrived, and wished to do a little head punching, but was prevented, and the affair ended. Such is one of the many rumours afloat.—*Liverpool Advertiser*.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 158.

Termination of a game between Mr. Wormald and an Amateur.

Black.



White.

White (Mr. W.) played, and drew.

Game between Messrs. C. F. Smith and J. N. Smith.

White.	Black.
C. F. Smith.	J. N. Smith.
1. P to K4	1. P to K4
2. Kt to K B3	2. Kt to Q B3
3. B to Q B4	3. B to Q B4
4. P to Q Kt4	4. B takes P
5. P to Q B3	5. B to Q B4
6. P to Q4	6. P takes P
7. P takes P	7. B to Q Kt3
8. Castles	8. P to Q3
9. P to K R3	9. Kt to K B3
10. Kt to Q B3	10. Kt to Q R4
11. B to Q3	11. Castles
12. B to K Kt5	12. P to K R3
13. B to K R4	13. P to K Kt4
14. Kt takes K Kt P	14. P takes K (a)
15. B takes P	15. B takes Q P
16. Kt to Q5	16. P to Q B3
17. P to K5	17. B takes K P
18. Kt takes Kt (ch)	18. B takes Kt
19. Q to K B5	19. R to K square
20. Q R to K square	20. K takes R (b)
21. B takes R	21. B to K3
22. Q to K B7 (ch)	22. K to B square
23. R takes B, and wins.	

(a) B takes Q P appears preferable.

(b) B to K3 would have been the proper move at this point.

A. MCGREGOR.—Many thanks for your friendly communication. We shall feel much pleasure in availing ourselves of the promised contributions.

G. M. (Tulse Hill).—The task would be impossible of performance. No amount of labour could give us anything like an idea of the number of changes of which the pieces are susceptible.

J. HITCHIN.—Mr. Boden, in his able analysis of the "Two Knights' Defence," shows that Cozio's counter-attack is unsound.

A. M. FROST.—A re-examination of Problem 136 will no doubt convince you that 1. E to K3 (ch) is not so avail.

J. H. STREED.—White at his 24th move should have played B takes R, and the following would have probably been the result:—

24. B takes R	24. R takes B
25. Kt takes P	25. B to Q-square
26. R to K square	26. Kt to B3
27. Kt takes Kt (ch), and must win.	

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 148.

1. B to Q5	1. K takes either B
2. B mates	

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 149.

1. R to Q6	1. R takes R (a)
2. Kt to B8, and mates next move.	

(a)

1. B takes R	1. B takes R
2. Kt takes K B P, and mates next move.	

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—1,000 to 30 agst Lord Uxbridge's Liston (1).

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.—5 to 1 agst Count F. Lagrange's Fille de l'Air (off); 11 to 2 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's Paris (1); 6 to 1 agst Captain John White's Cambuscan (1); 10 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Scottish Chief (1); 10 to 1 agst Mr. Bowes's Claremont (1); 100 to 40 agst Fille de l'Air and Paris, coupled (1).

TEN THOUSAND GUINEAS.—100 to 5 agst Mr. Greville's Anfield (1); 20 to 1 agst Mr. Drevitt's Blackdown (1); 20 to 1 agst Mr. Drevitt's Accident (1); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Hall's Carlbrook (1); 25 to 1 agst Mr. W. Day's Muezzin (1); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Whitaker's Change (off, take 33 to 1); 33 to 1 agst Mr. Jackson's Whitehorn (1); 40 to 1 agst Lord Uxbridge's Durham (1); 40 to 1 agst Mr. R. Drevitt's Greenland (1); 40 to 1 agst Lord Westmoreland's Tatoo (off); 40 to 1 agst Lord Westmoreland's Marigold (off); 1,000 to 15 agst Mr. Barber's Donne Canur (1).

FIVE THOUSAND GUINEAS.—10 to 1 agst Mr. Murray's Scottish Chief (off); 13 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's Paris (off); 18 to 1 agst Mr. Naylor's Constable (off); 15 to 1 agst Captain John White's Cambuscan (off); 1,000 to 55 agst Lord St. Vincent's Forager (1); 18 to 1 agst Mr. Anson's Blair Athol (1); 23 to 1 agst Mr. F. Johnston's Hisorian (1); 28 to 1 agst Mr. Higgins's Coup d'Etat (1); 28 to 1 agst Mr. Bowes's Claremont (1); 30 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's Idler (1); 1,000 to 30 agst Mr. H. Hill's Ackworth (1); 50 to 1 agst Mr. Bryan's dorse Marine (1); 4,000 to 70 agst Mr. Bowes's Baragah (1); 5,000 to 75 agst Mr. W. S. B. Crawford's Falornock (1); 3,000 to 35 agst Mr. H. Hill's Copenhagen (1); 2,000 to 25 agst Lord Glasgow's Stratford (1); 1,000 to 10 agst Count Bathurst's Midnight Mass (1); 1,000 to 5 agst Mr. Bowes's War Dance (off).

A MOTHER'S GRIEVANCE.—Mrs. Barrowes applied to the magistrate on Monday for his advice under the following circumstances: The applicant said that a week before Christmas she and her son, Alfred Neash, thirty-eight years of age, formerly a sailor, had been lately obtaining a living as bar-keepers, engaged their daughter, also a sailor, to perform at the Leeds, Bradford, and Halifax theatres, at a salary of £115 a week, Neash arranging to forward money weekly to his wife and three children and her (applicant's) daughter promising to send all she could spare from her salary. A few days ago a letter was received by Mr. Neash from a person at Halifax, with whom her husband and applicant's daughter lodged, stating that he had misrepresented himself as a single man, and it was his intention to marry his fellow-lodger shortly, and paid her all the attentions of a lover. Mr. Elliott was sorry he could do nothing in the matter, but recommended that, if her husband persisted her, Mrs. Neash should apply to the parish.

Literature

HIGHLAND JESSIE;
OR,
LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID.
A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SOME REMARKS ON A GOOD MAN—NOT MANY; AND
FURTHER REMARKS ON SOME HOPEFUL FELLOWS

THE good Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence (a) was of Irish blood. He was the eldest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander William Lawrence, some time governor of Upper Castle, who distinguished himself at Seringapatam. His mother was daughter of the late Captain Knox, of the county of Donegal. Sir Henry was born in 1806 at Matara, in Ceylon. In 1827 he obtained from the East India Company a cadetship in the Bengal Artillery. In India he soon acquired the reputation of being a most able and intelligent officer.

Sir Henry's benevolence was of the right kind. He knew that a strong Government is in the end a merciful Government; that want of vigour is a want of kindness and want of sense; that in such a country as India a ruler must do something more than study Bentham in an easy chair. But whilst ever on the alert, ever ready to crush any dangerous manifestations of disaffection, his mind was continually brooding over the means of advancing the happiness of the people. He knew that what the country most needed was repose, and that this could only be secured by a display of vigour at the right time; but it was towards a kindly paternal Government his impulses were ever directing him, and the welfare of a long-oppressed people was the thought dearest to his heart. He disarmed, for instance, the population of the Punjab; but he opened out to them new fields of peaceful employment, and gave back to them the long-alienated right of cultivating their rich lands in security and peace.

The courage and sagacity exhibited by Sir Henry Lawrence in checking the progress of the mutiny at Lucknow has been rarely surpassed. But it was not only as a soldier, or as an eminent civilian, that Sir Henry Lawrence ranked high as his character stood in both capacities. As a frank, open, honourable, and straightforward man, and as a generous and an unselfish friend, he had few equals, and no superior. As an instance of his generosity, it deserves to be recorded that for many years, while drawing a handsome revenue from his official employments, he devoted all that he could spare of his yearly salary to the foundation of an asylum for the orphan children of European soldiers, which bears his name, and will long stand as a memorial of his good deeds on the hills between Simla and Umballah.

(a) We present a portrait of this great good man when much younger as the time at which he fell a martyr to duty.



SIR HENRY LAWRENCE, K.C.B.

By the morning of the 31st of May, the English in Lucknow who had survived the massacre—and it was due to Lawrence's forethought that they were in a large majority—the English were within the Residency, and on the defensive. So far, they were safe. Black hordes thirsting for blood,—which is like strong liquor in this, that the more obtained the more is wanted, till the thirsty wretch falls down dead and for the time harmless,—black wretches thirsting for more blood might be travelling round and

about the Residency, though carefully beyond gun-shot distance. But so far the English were safe.

But it was different elsewhere.

Every English station had not had a Lawrence to think for it. To his great glory be it mentioned, that at Lucknow, and Lucknow only, of all the disaffections stated, were such preparations made as to save European life.

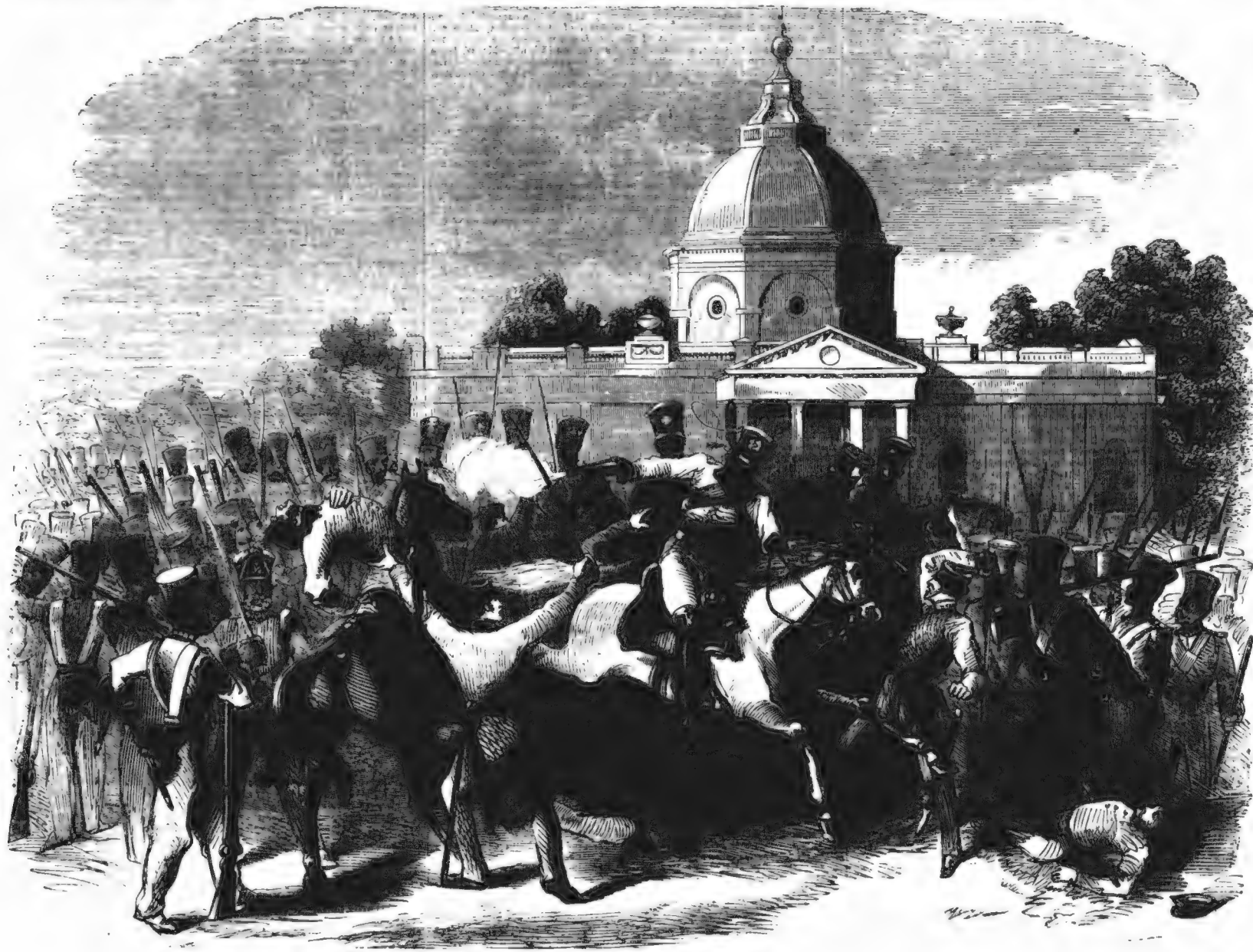
At Delhi, the head-quarters of the mutiny, scenes of terrible brutality had been enacted (b).

As at Meerut, in a moment the Indian soldiery turned upon their officers, whom they surrounded, and destroyed them. At Delhi, as elsewhere, the English denied all belief in any extended disaffection amongst the sepoys, and though at this latter station there was some faint suspicion that things "might not go so smoothly as could be wished,"—words to this effect actually occurred in a letter written the day before the outbreak at Delhi,—no English officer anticipated that treason was so near him. One young officer, who succeeded in escaping from the butchery that awaited him, described, in a letter to a sister, the events that ensued upon the explosion of a powder magazine, which followed close upon the outbreak of the slaughter. He said:—

"It must have been about five o'clock in the afternoon, when, all of a sudden the sepoys who were with us in the Mairguard, and on whom we had been depending to defend us in case of attack, began firing upon us in every direction. A most awful scene, as you may imagine, then ensued—people running in every possible way to try and escape. I, as luck would have it, with a few other fellows, ran up a kind of slope that leads to the officers' quarters, and thence, amid a storm of bullets, to one of the embrasures of the bastion. It is perfectly miraculous how I escaped being hit; no end of poor fellows was knocked down all about. On arriving at the embrasure, all at once an idea occurred to me of jumping down into the ditch from the rampart (it would have been madness at any other time) and so try and get out by scaling the opposite side; but just as I was in the act of doing so I heard screams from a lot of unfortunate women who were in the officers' quarters imploring help. I immediately, with a few other fellows, who like me were going to escape the same way, ran back to them, and though the attempt appeared hopeless, we determined to see if we could not take them with us. Some of them, poor creatures, were wounded with bullets. However, we made a rope with handkerchiefs, and jumping down first into the ditch, caught them as they dropped, to break the fall. Then came the difficulty of dragging them up the opposite bank; however, we succeeded, after nearly half-an-hour's labour; and why no sepoys came and shot every one of us while getting across all this time is a perfect mystery.

"Expecting to be pursued every minute, we bent our steps to a house that was on the banks of the river. This we reached in safety, and getting something to eat and drink from the servants (their master, young Metcalf, had fled in the morning), stopped here till dark, and then, seeing the whole of three cantonments on fire, and as it were a regular battle raging in that direction, we ran down to the river side and made the best of our way along its banks in an opposite direction. It would be too

(b) Massacre of officers at Delhi. (See engraving.)



MASSACRE OF OFFICERS AT DELHI.



AN ESCAPE FROM DELHI. (See page 542.)

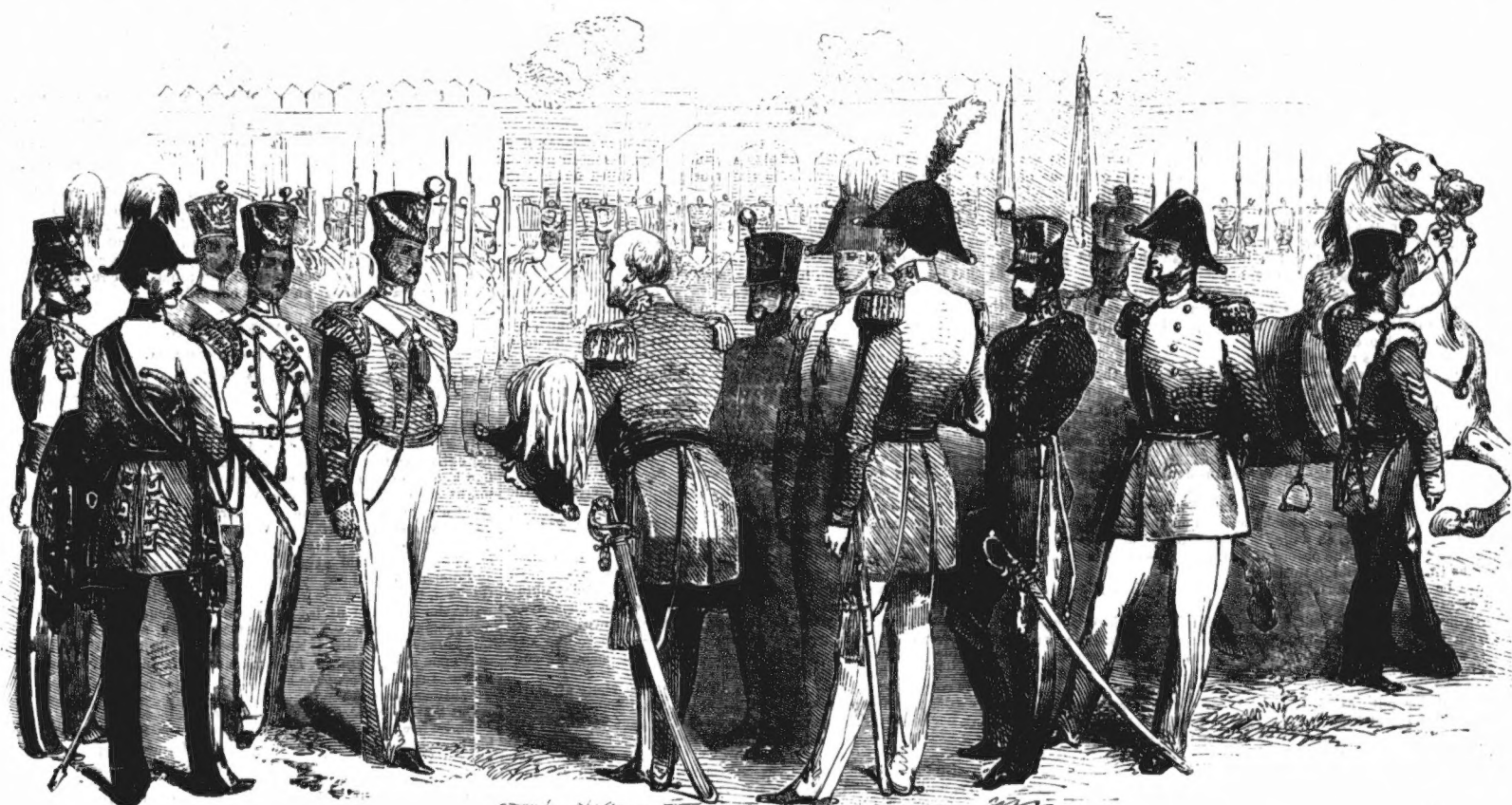
long to tell you how for three days and nights we wandered in the jungles, sometimes fed and sometimes robbed by the villagers, till at length, wearied and foot-sore, with shreds of clothes on our backs, we arrived at a village, where they put us in a hut, and fed us for four days, and moreover took a note from us into Meerut, whence an escort of cavalry was sent, and we were brought safely in."

It will be seen here that even in the midst of this slaughter, and

even when the wandering English were totally at the mercy of the Indians, that friends were found in every corner. Indeed it may be as well here to set out the fact that the disaffection did not actually spread beyond the sepoys. There is, to speak broadly, no evidence to show that the natives generally refused to succour the fleeing English, that they betrayed them, or that they joined in the outrages of the soldiers. It is true that where the sepoys took, if the term may be allowed, a station, the Indian civilians recognised

their rule, but such a civilian course of conduct is not unusual out of India: armed force generally commands unarmed obedience.

Nor were the mutinying soldiery themselves at all times remarkable for nothing like Christianity. In the above extract we find the writer wondering how it was that he and his party of fellow-fugitives were not fired on. Nor was that case of credit due to the sepoys the only one which distinguished the same day and place. As another instance, this week we engrave a representation of the



SIR H. LAWRENCE PRESENTING SWORDS OF HONOUR TO THE FAITHFUL SEPOYS AT LUCKNOW. (See page 542)

escape of an English family, resident a few miles from Delhi, on the road to Karnaul, who were preserved, by the generosity of two privates of the 54th Native Infantry, from the shocking fate which befell so many unfortunate non-combatants.

These good men were both Brahmins, and they, by threats, persuasion, and misdirection of stragglers, eventually succeeded in preserving the small party of Europeans, consisting of Mr. Watson, his wife, children, mother, and sister-in-law, who lay concealed amongst the scanty foliage growing in the immediate neighbourhood of their bungalow, while a large concourse of soldiers, consisting of the 54th and 74th Native Regiments, led by sows of the 3rd Cavalry, burnt and wrecked their habitation, the flames from which not only scorched them where they lay concealed, but threatened every moment to discover them to the raging multitude around.

When the fire subsided, Mr. W. and family were conducted twelve miles on the road to Meerut by these friendly sepoys, and ultimately reached the wished-for asylum, after being stripped and robbed on the road, and having undergone ten days of hardship and suffering (a).

It is pleasant to turn from such scenes as these, to a beautiful chapter in the Indian mutiny—perhaps the most beautiful which illustrates the whole course of terrible events in our great peninsula, during 1857-58. Reference is made to the meeting between Sir Henry Lawrence and a concourse of faithful sepoys of Lucknow, who never wavered in their loyalty for one moment.

Sir Henry Lawrence took off his hat to fidelity (b). He also took this opportunity to encourage the troops. "Soldiers!" he said, "some persons are abroad spreading reports that the Government desire to interfere with the religion of you soldiers; you all know this to be a transparent falsehood; you, and your forefathers before you, well know and knew that for more than a hundred years the religion of your countrymen has never been interfered with. And those amongst you who have perused the records of the past, who have searched the annals of your country, must well know that Alauddin in former times, and Hyder Ali in later days, forcibly converted thousands and thousands of Hindoos, desecrated their fane, demolished their temples, and carried ruthless devastation amongst their household gods. Come to our times. Many here present well know that Runjeet Singh never permitted his Mahomedan subjects to call the pious to prayer, never allowed the Aghas to sound from the lofty minarets which adorn Lahore, and remain to this day a monument of their magnificent founders. The year before last a Hindoo could not have dared to build a temple in Lucknow. All this is changed. Now who is there who would dare interfere with our Mahomedan or Hindoo subjects? You see all this, you know it well; you need not my testimony to this notorious fact. A Government such as ours," proceeded Sir Henry, "does not require to deal in deceit; what it does, it states openly before God and man—and is at all times prepared to encounter, and is capable of destroying, foreign invasion or domestic faction. Our Government will always persevere in its well-known steps; will ever permit its subjects and soldiers to follow their own religion, and to worship as their forefathers were in the habit of doing."

After the harangue, Sir Henry, with his own hands, distributed the rewards, shaking hands with the greatest cordiality with each of the recipients. The nature and number of the presents were—to Subahdar Sewak Tewarie, 48th Regiment, a magnificent sabre, superbly decorated, a pair of handsome shawls, a splendid chogah or cloak, and four pieces of embroidered cloth. To the havildar-major—the same as above. To each of the sepoys, Ramnat Dobe, 48th Regiment, and Sheikh Hosein, 18th, a very handsome sword, richly ornamented, a handsome turban, and pieces of cloth. Also 300 rupees (about £15) to each in cash.

But the siege of Lucknow had not yet commenced. By the forethought of Sir Henry Lawrence, the English were massed at the Residency and in its grounds, but the time had not yet arrived when to pass the boundaries of that Residency was certain death.

But we have left too long to look after themselves our plain friends Jessie (though, by the way, she was not plain), Corporal Tim Flat, Sergeant Fisher, his Jubina Electrica, Mrs. Maloney, and the little Fishers.

Even those last mentioned little creations stopped their lively performance as nine o'clock striking, those warning shots leapt into the stillness of the air—that air which had been undisturbed except by the obligations of Mesdames Maloney and Fisher, and the quiet remarks of Jessie McFarlane.

"Fisher, what's the matter?" asked his wife, as Sir Henry Lawrence passed.

"How should I know?" asked the sergeant, who had saluted the general awkwardly; for he felt for a sergeant to salute without his surcoat on, was a thing which ought to be followed by degradation to the ranks.

"Sure it must be something," said Maloney.

And here there came another volley of free shot.

And now lights began to move at various windows, and men to come upon the thresholds of doors, calling to each other in quick, sharp voices, asking what was "up."

"Fisher," said his wife, "think of the children."

Well, it was rather a stupid speech; but it must so far be set down to the female Fisher's credit, that she must have had some of the feelings of a mother or she would only have thought of herself, which was the person to whom the lady in question certainly devoted the greater part of her contemplation.

"Juby, don't be a fool," said the sergeant.

Now, not a minute—not half a minute had the world grown older during the passing of these events.

Sir Henry had but a few moments before been warned of the hour at which the outbreak was to commence. His saddled horse felt his weight directly, and away he galloped, hoping by his presence to prevent bloodshed.

That he failed was no fault of his.

Sergeant Fisher had not answered his wife, and the small fry Fishers were beginning to wail again in that dismal, monotonous manner which it really would appear that children look upon as a kind of duty when they are in a room by themselves, and nobody cares to comfort them—when the call to arms was heard sounding loud and shrill over the barracks.

The alarm was spreading—those brazen-mouthed trumpets spoke almost with the voices of prophets.

And now who shall describe the out-pouring of the soldiery? Consult any of the numerous books written on the Indian mutiny, and you will find that each writer is unable to give any description of the first warning of the outbreak at Lucknow—there is no such power as that of describing this scene.

It can be—to use the most hackneyed of terms—better imagined than described.

Imagine the straight-backed, manly English soldiery pouring out from door and every window. In a moment that call to arms shoots a thrill of terror through the barracks. Each man knows what is meant—each is aware that his bayonet and rifle should be in his hand.

Prepared for outbreak only by the news of outbreak at other stations, the force at Lucknow amazed, and without the knowledge of any disaffection, or cause of disaffection at that station,—for it was generally supposed by the English soldiery that Sir Henry

Lawrence had disabused the Indian mind of its foolish suspicion of the greased cartridges.—the military at Lucknow, be it repeated, were scarcely able to believe the worst upon hearing that call to arms, though it was quite impossible to mistake its import.

Out, then, the men, who were to save women and children from such a fate as that of the women and children at Cawnpore,—out they came trooping into the court-yard and in the streets of the English quarters. Some had forgotten boots, others coats, or kepis—not one man had forgotten his arms.

"What's up?"

That was the general question.

Meanwhile, from point to point the warning trumpet was being sounded, and calling Englishmen to awake from that sleep which, not least up from, might be the slumber of death.

Many of those off duty had turned early into bed, others lay sleeping in their clothes, some few jumped up from a friendly game of "whist," or "whop my neighbour," while others reeled out of the caucuses, already almost sobered by the warning.

How the first watch-word ran over the ground, "To the Residency," it is impossible to say. Sufficient that it flew through the space occupied by the English, and that then, like another exodus, forth the English went to a spot of safety.

Meanwhile the trumpets were sounding, and shots were still heard.

Then there came a red gleam in the sky.

The firing of the bungalows had begun.

"Fisher—the children," screamed Mrs. Fisher.

Away scudded the lady, followed by her husband, the corporal, and Jessie McFarlane.

Mrs. Maloney had already got into the room.

The children had set up an awful wailing, all but young Job, who, comprehending the call to arms, as a drummer should, had first armed himself with an old bayonet he had once on a time bought lawfully for three-pence sterling of the coin of this realm, and then proceeded to dress himself, while grasping the weapon with that air of determination which suggested running the whole of Hindostan through seventeen times.

Mrs. Fisher was in reality making for the baby, which was already in Maloney's arms—for your woman, whether she be a shrew or next door to an angel, always thinks more of the baby than the rest of the family.—Mrs. Fisher, I say, was making in reality for the baby, when the young Obby, from that force of habit which prompted him to howl when his mother came down at full sail upon him, began to roar.

Well, even at that pass, Fisher could not help it. She flew at Obby, had him out in one of her jiffies, smacked him quick, and then set him right side upwards, in order to fly at Nobby, who had necessarily raised his blessed voice at the sight of Obby's distress.

Five bits of applause did Mrs. F. hail upon her youngest but one born; and then he, soothing his wounds with his own palm, was set down with a shake.

"What's that for?" asked young Job, who was beginning to penetrate his mother's performance.

Whereupon, still possibly actuated by the beauties of equality, she flew at young Job, and with one cuff on the right ear bowled him and his bayonet over like any couple of ninetails.

Then she screamed, caught her breast, and squealed out, "Oh, where's my blessed Jerry?"—meaning the baby.

And the coupon she tore her infant promise out of Maloney's arms, with more vigour than a dentist in these improved times displays in removing a really perverse tooth.

The "alarm" call now once more sounded seething over the quarters, and thereupon Jessie, Scotch-like, as cool in danger as in a groat at summer-time, said, "Hindus we best be fittin'!"

"Oh, yes—yes," said Mrs. Fisher, squeezing the baby up to that extent, as Mrs. Maloney remarked, even at that pass, that the sepoys could not have gone much farther in the attempt to stifle that little delight.

"Oh, be quick," continued Madam Fisher, "and look after the boys, Fisher. I shall be killed and the children too. And there's the coffee-pot and my cotton-box; and bring the lucifers."

And it was at this point that, panic-stricken, in a minor degree, as he, Sergeant Fisher, was, in common with most of the English at that hour—I say it was at that point, one of agony as it was, that Fisher asked himself whether his Jubina was not a coward?

Now your sergeant is, for the greater part a very simple fellow, knowing all about parade and his duty, and next door to nothing else. Nor was Fisher any exception to the rule. Therefore it is not wonderful that he had not made the discovery that all shrews are cowards—simply because they are cruel. People who are really brave do not condescend to be cruel.

"Oh, come along," said Jubina; "and let me go in the middle, because—because I want to take care of my dear little Jerry."

"Is she a coward?" thought Fisher; and looking to his son Job, moreover, he asked himself—"Job, does your man wear the white feather?"

But very few seconds elapsed in these performances—indeed, from the time of the first shots to that point when all these more or less good people were making for the Residency, not more than five minutes—not two minutes had elapsed, and yet, in the mean period, Mrs. Sergeant Fisher had three times helplessly called out not to forget the coffee-pot.

"Why, she's faking!" thought the sergeant. I use the word he did when he related the history of his impression; and grotesque as it may appear in the narrative of such a scene as this under consideration, Fisher has declared that the most prominent remembrance of that hurried rush from his quarters was the coffee-pot.

Nay, it happens that the grotesque always goes side by side with the terrible. When a man appears to be struck with paralysis he appears to be winking; and if, after death, his body is opened, the moment the wise, searching knife is inserted in his body, the dead mouth puckers into a grin.

Sergeant Fisher seized the coffee-pot, in all probability, because, seeing his children all taken into possession, he felt upon it simply because his wife, whom Fisher tried so hard to love, laid enough stress on that machine to flatten it.

Jessie McFarlane had caught up the little Nobby, Maloney had possessed herself of the young Obby, and Corporal Flat, not to be behind Jessie, in a Christianlike spirit of forgiveness, had shouldered young Job, with the recommendation in reference to the bayonet not "to go a rannin' it in anywhere."

The party had got to the threshold, which by this time was red in the glare of the conflagration of the English houses, which, built of wood, and dried to a tinder in the hot Indian sun, caught fire almost as readily as gunpowder—the party had got to the threshold, when Madam Fisher brought herself up short, and looking at Mr. Fisher with a look the fear of which could not quite overpower a certain air of wanting to tear somebody's eyes out, she shrieked, "Fisher, you haven't got the coffee!"—here she saw the implement in her husband's hand, so she concluded her sentence, "box—where's the cotton box?"

The correct fact of the matter was, that she was really afraid to go through the quadrangle, and so reach the Residency. And really her fear was but another example of the general fitness and evenness of things. When everybody was at peace, and wanted to be at peace with her, she was very brave. Now, people who have very little to say for themselves in ordinary times, and are just, simple, and modest on every-day occasions, are your people who show themselves brave and daring when bravery and daring qualities are called for.

It would be unfair, indeed, if any favoured party had sunlight all the year round. You see what is meant. Who could rationally expect Mrs. Fisher to be brave at all times, the poor dear?

But Fisher was not quite sure yet that she was a coward.

He went back and found the cotton-box, and brought that contrivance away. Nor am I above confessing that it was useful during the siege. But though, if knocked down, I have the honour to be picked up by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, it does not follow that I ought to have been sent off my feet; neither in Mrs. Sergeant Fisher's case does it follow that that far from inestimable woman is to be applauded for thinking of the cotton-box, simply because it happens that it came in useful in the course of a few weeks.

"I'd much better go in the middle, because o' my dear Jerry," said Mrs. Fisher; and she quivered to that extent as she said it, that Fisher was almost sure the wife of his bosom was not brave.

She got in the middle, and Mrs. Maloney and Jessie went behind her, and even by the red glare of the burning English houses Jessie and Maloney looked at each other with regards of mutual and surprised contempt. They had found Mrs. F. out in a minute.

"Faith," said Maloney, in a low voice, "it's a squad o' poor workhouse children she should be over, and not after the bullying of the sergeant of a line regiment."

Well, this is the way that our little procession, in which we are more immediately concerned, set out.

Sergeant Fisher leading, with the cotton-box and his sword under one arm, and carrying the coffee-pot in his right hand.

To his left, was Corporal Tim Flat, carrying the young drummer low down on his back, in order to save him as much as possible from a stray bullet.

Then came Mrs. Fisher—making herself small. But we should give her this credit—though it is not very much, seeing it is quite as characteristic of the most ferocious tigress as it was remarkable in this love of a woman—that she crouched over her "little Jerry."

Then Maloney and Jessie brought up the rear, carrying their charges on their breasts, exactly for the same reason that I'm, in the van, carried young Job low down on his back—to save the youngster from getting the first of a bullet.

So Mrs. Fisher, shielded by her husband, the corporal, Mrs. Maloney, Jessie McFarlane, and the family, was tolerably safe. But, for all that, she quivered more than Nobby himself, who was not bad at that kind of thing on the night in question.

As they hurried on, they met many little squads similar to their own hurrying to the stronghold; but it may with safety be asserted that the Fisher coffee-pot and the Fisher cotton-box were the only two specimens of those articles brought in by the English fugitives.

Of the appearance of the interior of the Residency and its grounds no pen can give any description.

Have you ever seen the steerage of an emigrant ship,—say for Canada, when the tender brings all the luggage, human, beddy, and bony, and the whole is shot down pell-mell in the 'tween decks? There the forlorn housewives ones sit, stupid and voiceless, in the midst of a confusion so confused that it may almost be called regular.

Well, add red coats, some shirt-sleeves, and gleaming bayonets and sabres to such a scene, and you have some idea of the appearance of the Residency.

"Fisher!" said the woman of that name, commencing in trembling accents.

"Well, what now?" he asked, in some disgust; for he was by this time almost sure his shrewy-half was a coward. He had arrived at this conclusion by seeing the vigour with which she pressed in between him and Tim Flat, the moment they had passed the English sentries, and when, therefore, the van was even safer than the centre.

"Take my sweet Jerry," said she.

"Nonsense, woman!" said the sergeant.

"Drop my sweet Jerry I shall!" said she.

"What for?" asked the sergeant.

"Cos I'm agoin'."

"Where?"

"I can't help it. Mrs. Maloney, dear, take my sweet Jerry." Then as Maloney did so she recovered herself, to shriek in a savage way. "Mind is 'ed!" Then she prepared to be going.

"Which, Fisher, are we safe?"

"Well, I s'pose so," said Fisher, who, feeling his wife to be bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh was, to put it euphoniously, getting a little ashamed of—of himself.

"Which you're quite sure we're safe?"

"Bless it, woman! Is there any sign o' danger yet?"

"Then—"

"What?" he said, using that tone which it may be presumed a bear suddenly gifted with speech would use.

"I'm off."

"Where?" asked Fisher.

Thereupon, with one gurgling word, Mrs. F. fell prone to the ground. What was that last word she said before she took refuge in insensibility was never known. Maloney says it was "coffee-pot." But it is possible the Irish lady's statement was ironically malicious, because Jessie McFarlane has said that it was "jest naething at aw."

"By jingo!" said the sergeant; now convinced beyond any question as to his wife's want of bravery. "By jingo! if she ain't a coward; but anyhow, young Job don't take after her. Do you, Job?"

Whereupon the boy, who had never once let go his bayonet, said such a big "No," that, inanimate as his dear mother appeared, she gave a jerk, and called, "Wobbly—wobbly—wa—wa—water."

Mrs. Fisher was never to get over that convulsion; that is to say, though she quite came to (as happily), she never recovered her reputation. Hers was not much to lose; but no one had dreamt the blairing woman was an ardent coward.

CHAPTER XXXII.

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.

MEANWHILE, in the midst of blazing English houses, of murdered English men, women, and children, where was Lots—Lady St. Maur?

What had changed her determination? Whither had she gone?

It will be remembered that she had been brought to bay by Phil Effingham and Chaplain Graham; and that she had admitted she had known of the coming mutiny, and knew such information as might be useful, when Jessie McFarlane entered the room somewhat unceremoniously, and gave her mistress that letter which she had previously received from Vengha, just beyond the town. It will now be recalled, that thereupon Lots refused to make any communications, and appeared to become at once panic-stricken and defiant. It will not be forgotten that thereupon, Effingham and Graham, both men knowing the urgency of the case, left the house with the intention of laying the whole circumstances before the chief commissioner, and as a last necessity, arresting the unfortunate lady. Nor will it be have lapsed from the memory of readers, that upon the return of Effingham and his picket, the bird was flown—that she was not to be caged.

Whither had she gone?

But firstly—wherefore had she gone?

Those few lines of writing entrusted to the Scotch servant girl had wrought that change in her. They informed the poor lady that her child was not safe in Calcutta, but in the power of one who never forgave. The letter was most circumstantial—so minutely descriptive, indeed, that she could not doubt it. In a few short, brief, clear words it pointed out that spies had watched the departure of the child; that the little party had been fallen upon at the spot whence the temporary guardian had written, and that the whole party had been overcome. Then, in clear terms, the document continued, that in order to obtain time, and prevent the news spreading,

(a) This drawing was made by one of the sufferers. By the way, the reference to Meerut as a place of safety reminds us that we should inform the reader that although at that station the mutiny broke out, the place almost immediately fell once more into the English power. It, therefore, became quite an asylum for our countrymen.

(b) Sir H. LAWRENCE AND FAITHFUL SEPOYS.—We give a sketch of this pleasant event.
